

Poetical Blossoms :
OR, THE
SPORTS of GENIUS.

Being a Collection of
POEMS upon several Subjects.

By the YOUNG GENTLEMEN of
Mr RULE's ACADEMY at ISLINGTON.

To which is annexed,
The AGREEABLE SURPRISE,
A COMEDY of ONE ACT.

Translated from an Original Piece of
Monsieur DE MARIVAUX,
Of the Academy of SCIENCES at PARIS;
And performed by Mr RULE's SCHOLARS, for
their EXERCISE at *Whitsuntide*, 1766, to the
general Satisfaction of their FRIENDS:

With an Occasional
PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE.

The young brisk Muse with sportive mirth diverts,
Unbends the bow, and cheers our drooping hearts,
And sage advice in lively Verse imparts. }

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHORS,
By J. and W. Oliver in Bartholomew-Close;
And Sold by Messrs JOHNSON and DAVENPORT,
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Poetical Blossoms:
SPORTS OF GENIUS.



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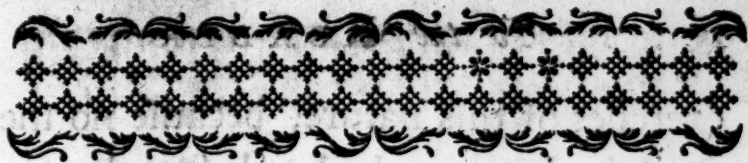
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TO THE

READER.



THE Pieces contained in this little collection were compos'd by the young Gentlemen of Mr RULE's Academy, *Islington*, and spoken by them in the presence of their friends, at their Breaking-up at *Whitsuntide*, 1766; the Dramatick Piece, with which it concludes, was performed by them upon the same occasion with general applause. It was judged expedient to employ them in

exercifes of this nature, becaufe no method is better calculated for the improvement of youth, or contributes more to make them acquire, a graceful Elocution, as well as a genteel and eafy Address, than fpeaking well in a public Affembly. As they are juvenile compositions, it is hoped the critics will fpare them; and though they may not be without faults, yet we may hope for their Indulgence, as the Editor flatters himfelf that they are not without fome beauties which may pleafe the candid perufer.





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POETICAL BLOSSOMS:

OR, THE

SPORTS OF GENIUS.

A POEM upon HEADS,

OCCASIONED BY THE

Celebrated LECTURE upon HEADS.

O many Orators on HEADS declaim,
I must stand forth a rival of their fame,
And bid in verse defiance to all those
That mouth their LECTURES upon
HEADS in prose;

Who near to Sadler's Wells, or Plaist'rer's Hall,
Pour forth their ribaldry, and loudly bawl.
A world of fun I know you all expect,
Then Surgeon-like I will these Heads dissect.

2 POETICAL BLOSSOMS: or,

[See the Plate, HEAD I.]

This Head, Sirs, with a wreath of laurel crown'd,
A Conqueror's was, for deeds of arms renown'd;
Great *Alexander* was the Hero nam'd,
The world ne'er saw a slaughterman more fam'd,
Mortals, he thought, were made for him to slay;
Whilst living he did nought but cut away.

[HEAD II.]

Here is another Conqueror great as he,
An *Indian King*, a famous *Cherokee*.

[HEAD III.]

Here's a Quack-doctor's Head, who well might
boast

That he, of all destroyers, kill'd the most.
His own historian, he to all the town
Publish'd the annals of his high renown;
Of ne'er-performed cures each day a score,
And affidavits which were never sworn.

[HEAD IV.]

Here is a Head, Compendium of the Law,
A finer full-bottom you never saw;
In the fore-top are *special pleadings* seen
Pleas, replications, and rejoinders keen,
In each turn of the head—and in the tail
The *knotty points of practice*, which ne'er fail.

[HEAD V.]

Here's an old *Barbeller* who, wrong or right,
At marriage still would spit his furious spight;
But when grown old he with a faltering tongue
Court'd the Fair, and amorous ditties sung,
Ogled thro' spectacles, and play'd the beau,
As this bag-wig and solitaire may shew;

These prove he fain would rank amongst young
lovers ;

But what he was this fool's-cap plain discovers.

[HEAD VI.]

Next, Sirs, we have a Head whose monstrous size,
I see already, fills you with surprise.

I search'd the cerebellum and the brain,
Heav'ns ! how much matter do they both contain !
This brain each nation's interest could scan,
Our politician smok'd each statesman's plan ;
None ever better could adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace when o'er a pot of ale.

[HEAD VII.]

Here Gentlemen's a Head not quite so big,
Once dignify'd with an enormous wig ;
The owner, greatest Critic of his age,
Knew every law acknowledg'd by the stage ;
" Comma's and points could set exactly right,"
And quote, to prove his sense, the Stagyrte ;
For taste and genius I have search'd the brain
Thro' every corner, but my search was vain.
With judgment too I found it was not stor'd
And yet at the Reviewers famous board
Our Critic sat ; but some indeed suspect
That Printers the Reviewers pens direct ;
Thus are these self-sufficient critics known
To have no taste or judgment of their own,
But as directed praise or censure deal,
Because they draw the quill but for a meal.
And e'en, like *Zoilus*, they are inclin'd
In authors works ill-judg'd mistakes to find.

4 POETICAL BLOSSOMS: or,

[HEAD VIII.]

Here Gentlemen's a Head made for a shew,
The owner of it was a first-rate *beau* ;
Upon the brain no trace I e'er cou'd find,
To a *beau's* body's seldom join'd a mind ;
In doing nothing pass'd his life away,
He star'd and saunter'd all the live-long day ;
The glass to visit he was never tir'd,
Therein he view'd his person and admir'd ;
For could he one idea call his own,
'Twas surely that of his dear self alone.

[HEAD IX.]

The next Head, Sirs, that does your eyes engage,
Is of a *Blood*, the greatest of the age ;
None better knew each brothel of the town,
Or knock'd in nightly broils more watchmen
down.

With red-hot poker in his mouth, this wight
Around a room could hop ; O wond'rous fight !
Red coals could swallow, backwards say the Creed,
And feats perform which all belief exceed ;
O, he was quite the Thing ! for frolicks fit,
Toast-master at *Bob Derry's*, and a wit
At *Wetherby's* ; and so much giv'n to roam,
He lodg'd at round-house oftner than at home ;
By modest Women dreaded as a brute,
Though still the dupe of ev'ry prostitute.

[HEAD X.]

This Head's a *Buck's*, who at the social fire
Could by his catches loudest mirth inspire ;
Whene'er he spoke they rais'd a loud outcry,
That all he said was *great*, was *vastly high* ;

None greater talents ever had for fun ;
Unrivall'd he, for humbug and for pun.

[HEAD XI.]

This Head's an *Alderman's*, nor let it raise
Your wonder, that to view it horns displays,
Such branching honours city heads adorn,
And many glory in a gilded horn ;
Whilst others, if they are not much bely'd,
Their horns with prudence in their pockets hide.

[HEAD XII.]

Here Gentlemen's a Head will give you fun,
Less like a man the owner than a tun ;
Liquor all day, and all the night, he swill'd,
And thus the living tun was always fill'd ;
Whereby it was so swell'd, it might be said,
'Twas not a man's but rather a *hog's-head* :
On search, I void of matter found the skull,
Yet, strange to tell ! the *hog's-head* still was full :
But whatso'er men drink, or gin, or stout,
When once the liquor's in, the wit is out ;
And yet some sense our toper still might boast,
He seldom ran his head against a post ;
And e'en when drunk he could, by night or day,
To the best Tavern always find his way.

[HEAD XIII.]

These are choice spirits Heads, but far before'em,
Is this ; the owner, Sirs, was of the *Quorum* ;
Upon the chair right worshipful he sat,
And fill'd it with his dignity and fat ;
With his *Clerk's* aid, could whores and rogues
commit,
And often shook the bench with country wit ;

6 POETICAL BLOSSOMS: or,

For tho' a *Justice*, which is something new,
His bottle cracking he his jest crack'd too,
None better could a venison pasty storm;
Or at a hunting greater feats perform;
In smoking, drinking, hunting, past his Life;
He lov'd his dogs much better than his wife;
A worthier Magistrate you ne'er might see,
Complete as Dalton's Country Justice he.

[HEAD XIV.]

This Gentlemen's a most prolific Head,
Own'd by a noted *Publisher*, 'tis said;
But here one circumstance most strange appears,
This project-teeming head lacks both its ears.
Perhaps you'll ask, Sirs, what of them bereft him?
At *Charing-cross* he on the pill'ry left 'em:
Deeply in publications he was skill'd,
A title-page no mortal better fill'd;
None better all the arts of puffing knew,
Or how to make old books go off for new;
He knew in proper terms to advertise,
And artfully to mingle truth with lies;
In fine, so well he knew to cheat the Town,
He seem'd sam'd *Curll* to rival in renown.

[HEAD XV.]

This Head's a *Methodist's*, and from the squint,
You'll guess his name, if you can take a hint;
To Heav'n he still devoutly casts one eye,
And seems with Angels to converse on high;
The other downward ever fix'd remains,
And keeps a sharp look-out for earthly gains.

He pours invective out, with pious rage,
Against all players, double damns the Stage;
So furiously he at them spits his spight,
Zeal for God's house seems to devour him quite:
And yet at *Tottenham-Court*, as at a play,
Each hearer for his seat is forc'd to pay.
Whate'er the preacher of true Faith may tell ye,
With all his Faith he ne'er forgets his belly;
And whilst he talks about a future state,
He seems to say—*Put money in the plate*;
For tho' devotion occupies the Mind,
The Body's ever to the flesh inclin'd.

[HEAD XVI.]

Who own'd this Head? a *Minister of State*;
But hold—my satire must not lash the great,
For fear the Pillory shou'd be my fate;
So here my lecture ends—to save my ears:
HEADS I dissect—but not the HEADS of PEERS.

ON ORATORY.

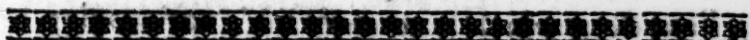
OF all the arts in which the wise excel,
The most important's that of speaking well.
No art engag'd men more in ancient days,
By none the *Greeks* or *Romans* gain'd more praise;
But Eloquence its influence boasts no more,
No Orators inchant as heretofore;
No crowds are now by such to fury fir'd,
Like *Tully* none art envy'd and admir'd.

8 POETICAL BLOSSOMS: or,

The reason Eloquence has thus declin'd,
 If we inquire we cannot fail to find;
 The case is plain, those by whom youth are taught,
 Form not their speech and utt'rance as they ought;
 And yet, in ev'ry speaker sense is found
 Defective, if not join'd to pleasing sound.
 The deepest reasonings seldom can persuade,
 Till Elocution lends her powerful aid:
 Without her needful help, which can alone
 Make worth shine forth and make true merit
 known.

Talents lie bury'd, bashful virtues fly
 To shades obscure, and shun the public eye;
 But, with the aid of Eloquence divine,
 Bursting the cloud, with brightest lustre shine.
 A youth in vain may study classic lore,
 Useless is Erudition's cumbrous store;
 If lock'd within, retiring to the breast,
 And quite by speechless modesty suppress'd.
 Dead languages to know's a talent rare,
 But still our own must claim our chiefest care.
 In Parliament by this our patriots shine,
 Bards, cultivating this, our taste refine.
 By this the Pleader, learned in the laws,
 Supports and vindicates his Clients cause.
 By this the Preacher ev'ry week displays
 To sinful man the error of his ways.
 In fine, each science, ev'ry useful art,
 Wants Oratory's aid to move the heart.
 Behaviour and address to this we owe;
 From this the charms of conversation flow;
 To Speaking hence we studiously apply,
 Hence to declaim with energy we try.

Hence graceful Action labour to acquire,
And ease, which all endu'd with taste admire.
Talents like these have pow'r to touch the heart,
That knowledge useless is we can't impart.



ON DEATH.

WHAT art thou, Death, thou dread of
human kind?

Let me contemplate thee with steady mind,
Thou hideous Spectre, of all terrors King,
That to our dastard passions ow'st thy sting.
The honest, generous soul defies thy pow'r,
Undaunted even in the dreadful hour;
He acts on principles above all laws;
Nor toils for wealth or grandeur, but applause;
For self-applause he scorns all vulgar rules,
And soars above the limits of the Schools.
Aloft he to the high empyrean flies,
Anticipates his dwelling in the skies.
Happy if he can fill the vacuous space,
With the enliv'ning gift of heav'nly grace;
Between his day of birth and his extreme,
To be in *fact* what others only *seem*.
Religious, just, to God devoted still,
His pious soul dreads no impending ill.
He lives secure from all th'attacks of Fate,
Legions of Angels on his footsteps wait;
His Soul they to eternity convey,
T'enjoy a glorious, happy, endless day.

16 POETICAL BLOSSOMS: or,

No anxious doubts distract or wound his mind;
 He lives in hope, altho' to die resign'd;
 As infants sleep within their mothers arms,
 He rests secure from terror and alarms.
 He views the final sleep without dismay,
 That sleep which is to close life's various day.
 So sleeps he who in virtue takes delight,
 Prepar'd for sleep or death at morn or night:
 Serenely he beholds the morn arise,
 And night with sable curtains wrap the skies;
 One day alone suffices him to know,
 What mortal men to nature's weakness owe,
 In that he baffles all th'assaults of sin,
 And lives secure and without spot within:
 On either world he looks with placid eye,
 And waits with patience till his turn's to die;
 Still to his fate resign'd, with hope sincere,
 He fears his God, and knows no other fear.



On the Immortality of the Soul.

THE Soul with store of bright ideas fraught,
 Which Nature's depths pervades by dint of
 thought;
 Which to high heav'n with strength of mind can
 move,
 Converse with stars, and tread th' expanse above,
 Sure ne'er was by the great Creator made,
 To sink forgot in Night's eternal shade;

To shine a rainbow-beauty for an hour,
 Then fading, yield to Fate's resistless pow'r.
 Altho' the vital spark of heavenly flame
 Subsists connected with an earthly frame,
 Its talents are so various, powers so fine,
 It well may boast an origin Divine.
 Its active energy to Heav'n can soar,
 The solar walk and milky way explore;
 With penetrating foresight can reveal,
 When darkness shall the Moon's bright orb
 conceal;
 Or when the Sun, resplendent source of light,
 Be veil'd by dim eclipse from mortals sight.
 With retrospective eye the Soul can trace,
 The past exploits of all the human race;
 What Kingdoms have been founded, Battles won,
 What wond'rous deeds by ancient Worthies done.
 Since then so many gifts adorn the mind,
 Sure 'twas not for this world alone design'd:
 To distant planets instantly can roam;
 This present world's its prison not its home.
 The cloud-capt tow'rs and palaces shall fail,
 O'er solemn temples potent Time prevail,
 Cities and Fortresses be laid in dust,
 And frail, like man, shall sink the mould'ring bust:
 But Souls shall with eternal youth be crown'd,
 And, like the Deity, immortal found;
 In heavenly places they shall ever shine,
 Their nature proves their Maker is divine.
 Much greater worth is center'd in one soul,
 Than in the vast expanse from pole to pole.



A Paraphrase on the LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, GOD of earth and skies,
 To thee may praises ever rise;
 Thy kingdom come; thy sacred will
 Let us, as they in heav'n, fulfil.
 Our daily bread do not deny,
 But all things that we want supply;
 Be all our trespasses forgiv'n;
 As we forgive: so help us heav'n!
 Let us not ever idly stray
 Into Temptation's thorny way;
 But guard us from all ill below,
 And from the Devil, our common foe.
 Thou art Omnipotent alone;
 The Universe supports thy Throne:
 All power and glory evermore
 Belong to GOD whom we adore.



Stanzas upon VIRTUE

TIS VIRTUE that exalts the human breast,
 From that alone all real greatness springs;
 In her true lustre, when she stands confest,
 How mean! how little looks the pride of Kings!

II.

VIRTUE felicity sincere bestows;
True Wisdom's learn'd from Virtue's humble lore;
Who VIRTUE's salutary precepts knows,
Has the best knowledge; mortals can't know more.

III.

Prosperity with VIRTUE is more dear,
New lustre she to glory can impart;
Drooping adversity her smile can cheer,
And pour forth balm upon the bleeding heart.

IV.

Whilst *Cato* struggled with his adverse fate,
Bent to preserve the Liberty of *Rome*,
And sinking underneath misfortune's weight,
With dauntless resolution met his doom;

V.

The Gods beheld with an approving eye
The VIRTUE which such noble efforts made;
To Him who for her freedom chose to die,
The tribute due to Honour *Rome* repaid.

VI.

Or vanquish'd, or successful, VIRTUE still
Upon her vot'ries happiness bestows;
The virtuous man dreads no impending ill;
His soul no fear or apprehension knows.

VII.

The chiefest Good in VIRTUE's found alone;
Its own reward it ever with it brings;
The man that's Virtuous sits on Reason's throne,
And boasts a greater pow'r than that of Kings.



Ode on DESTINY.

I.

O Thou, whose pow'r does all events controul,
Who dost decide the fate of all below;
Whose mysteries profound no human soul,
However penetrating, e'er could know.

II.

Must mortals ever wander in thy maze?
Still to thy pow'r despotic must they bow?
Can't thou to dignities unhop'd-for raise
Or humble in the dust, and none know how?

III.

Of Empires thou and Kingdoms dost dispose;
Comets, denouncing change, thy orders wait;
States fall by thy direction, as they rose;
Each revolution is decreed by Fate.

IV.

Thy nod did fix th' *Assyrian* Empire's doom,
And made it to the *Persian* pow'r give way;
'Twas thou that didst enable ancient *Rome*
O'er the known globe t' extend unrival'd sway.

V.

Thou didst ordain that mighty Empire's fall;
The *Goths* and *Visigoths* its realms o'er-ran;
Seiz'd upon *Italy*, on *Spain* and *Gaul*;
Such was, O sov'reign DESTINY, thy plan!

VI.

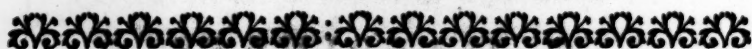
Well, Fate, may we adore thy pow'r divine,
Since all the world is govern'd by thy nod ;
Well may we offer incense at thy shrine,
Since thou the great Vicegerent art of God.

On HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS, our Nature's only end !
Thou mark to which all human actions tend !
By studious sages sought in ancient days,
Thro' vain Philosophy's perplexing maze ;
Replete with blessings, where dost thou reside ?
In palaces 'midst regal pomp and pride ?
Or dost thou rather humbly choose to dwell
With reverend Hermit in a mossy cell ?
Say, dost thou crown the brow of endless toil ?
Or plod with students by the midnight oil ?
As pilgrims wander distant from their home,
In quest of Happiness weak mortals roam ;
But HAPPINESS nor these nor those obtain,
All their researches prove alike in vain.
The Stoic, puff'd with self-sufficient pride,
In error plung'd, from Happiness stray'd wide ;
And he, who by fam'd *Epicurus* taught,
Pleasure the source of ev'ry blessing thought,
Felt his mistake, and own'd his boasting vain,
Finding that Pleasure ended still in Pain.
Men seek in vain for HAPPINESS whilst here
On earth ; it dwells not in this nether sphere ;

16 POETICAL BLOSSOMS: or,

This scene of tumult, hurry, broils and noise,
Admits no real bliss, no genuine joys.
Man to a future state should raise his mind,
If perfect HAPPINESS he hopes to find;
The bliss he aims at Heav'n alone can give:
Then to be *happy* he must cease to *live*.



A Thought on BIRTH and LIFE.

THE time once come ordain'd by heaven's
high will,
Man's born to life and all its train of ill;
His Life he to his mother's torments owes,
She brings him forth in pangs and direful throes;
Must we to Life be usher'd by Death's train?
By torment, misery and racking pain?
He lives, but O how feeble! at his birth
How weak and helpless is this Lord of earth!
But conscious of existence, at the most,
And void of strength, of brutes the pride and boast.
Scarce can he by his weak, his half-form'd bone,
Sustain the weight of his own mass alone.
Affecting thought! behold how prostrate lies
A creature born in majesty to rise;
A creature born t'extend o'er earth one day,
And over all the sons of earth his sway;
He creeps like reptiles at his early birth,
And crawls as if he'd clasp his mother earth;
Thus sprawling long he might on earth remain,
Did not the aid of friendly hand sustain;

All friendly aid he peevishly declines ;
 With foresight he his future woe divines ;
 He sees that evil must o'er good prevail,
 And sorrow be his lot in Life's dark vale ;
 That he with care and grief shall be oppress'd,
 Till earth receive him once more in her breast.
 Dismayful prospect ! could he view the whole,
 Well may he sigh in bitterness of Soul ;
 Well may he seem, even in this tender age,
 Backward to tread Life's dismal, tragic Stage ;
 For where's the man without concern can cast
 His view upon the evils that are past ?
 Who must not dangers 'scap'd with awe-struck
 eyes

Behold, as well as those that may arise ?
 Which like to rocks that lurk beneath the seas
 To wreck the vessel, may destroy his ease.
 Interval dire 'twixt Birth and Death, sad day
 Of Life, who shall thy various ills display ?
 The various ills of body and of mind
 Enum'rate, which in Life's sad Scenes we find ?
 T'attempt to reckon them, would be as vain
 As e'en to count the barrier of the main,
 Whoe'er thou art, great Genius, who canst boast
 To reckon up the glittering heavenly host,
 Resume thy style, and to the world disclose
 Life's various ills, its train of endless woes.





Imitation of POPE's Dying Christian to his Soul.

THinking, unseen Essence go,
 To thee our misery we owe;
 Our strength of body once declining,
 Thou art eternally repining.
 Thy vain complainings all give o'er,
 Nor entity's vast depths explore.
 Beings of different nature, hear,
 Call thee to another sphere.
 What's this that makes existence fail,
 And does o'er all my pow'rs prevail?
 That does my faculties controul?
 Is't the departure of the soul?
 This world is vanish'd, to my sight
 Unnumber'd worlds appear;
 My soul contemplates with delight
 Each Planet and each Sphere.



ODE written at Midnight in a Thunder Storm.

LET timid guilt with dastard dread
 In caverns dark and deep,
 When thunders roll conceal her head,
 Let terrors break her sleep.

II.

Trusting in Him whose high commands
The storms and ocean hear,
Virtue unshaken ever stands,
And knows no abject fear.

III.

Not in the calm alone she finds
The God that rules the world;
He mounts the storm, walks on the wind,
By Him the thunder's hurl'd.

IV.

Thro' Nature's universal frame
The general good is still
The great Creator's gen'rous aim;
There's only partial ill.

V.

From ev'ry thing created, good
Is some way seen to rise,
But harmony not understood
As discord men despise.

VI.

He who to virtue's laws adheres
Is most completely blest,
No dire alarms or boding fears
Have power to break his rest.

VII.

That man is heaven's peculiar care;
Where such a man is found,
In crowds heav'n's Ministers repair,
And Angels hover round.

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Let me 'midst Scenes like these without annoy,
In contemplation ever pass my hours;
Acquire each day new knowledge, taste new joy,
And study nature and her various pow'rs.

VII

In Solitude the book of knowledge fair,
Is open'd wide to the inquiring eye;
And all dispos'd to study it, may there
Myſteries and wonders numberleſs eſpy.

VI

On ev'ry plant divine inſtruction grows;
From ev'ry bloſſom ſomething may be learn'd;
Each work of the Creator wiſdom ſhews,
In ev'ry atom is his ſkill diſcern'd.

VII

Nature cries out through all her works, "the hand
"That fram'd ſuch wonders ſure muſt be divine:"
All was by one all-bounteous Being plann'd;
At his decrees no mortal ſhould repine.

VIII

Their harmony from ſeeming diſcord ſprings;
All imperfections in perfection end;
And as the moral Bard divinely ſings,
"To general good all things in nature tend."

IV

~~~~~

*The Blind Man's SOLILOQUY.*

I.

WHY ſo perplex'd, fond man? take heed;  
Complaining of thy fate,  
Will never ought avail thy need,  
But evils new create.

I know as well as you.

22 POETICAL BLOSSOMS: 22,

II.

Look on the world with reason's eye;  
All mortals weak you'll find;  
Their wants increase continually;  
Not thou alone art blind.

III.

These eyes have only chang'd their light;  
No outward objects please;  
But in the mind is fix'd delight,  
Which bright Ideas raise.

IV.

No Kings I envy, nor would change  
My blindness for a throne;  
My mind is free, my thoughts can range  
Thro' paths and climes unknown.

V.

Pleasure is seated in the mind;  
'Tis in that deep recess  
That mortals all enjoyment find;  
The Soul alone can bless.

VI.

The Sun that warms with genial ray  
The earth, warms likewise me;  
And cheers my soul, altho' the day  
And day-light I ne'er see.

VII.

Without Philosophy your eyes  
The heav'n's expanse may view;  
That God supreme rules o'er the skies,  
I know as well as you.



VIII.

My nature often have I try'd  
With curious search to scan;  
But heav'n, to humble human pride,  
Hides nature still from man.

IX.

Proud mortals, give your boasting o'er,  
Your weakness you display;  
Since you your nature can't explore,  
You should her laws obey.

X.

Sages, with eyes presumptuous, vain  
Would Nature's wonders find;  
But their inquiries all are vain,  
There's darkness in their mind.



On CALUMNY.

A Man of merit would you find,  
'Tis, sure, the man that's good and great;  
The man of an exalted mind,  
Superior to the shocks of fate.

II.

The lustre of true merit still  
Offends the vulgar eye;  
Hence impious Calumny would kill  
The worth that soars on high.

24 POETICAL BLOSSOMS: or,

III.

The Slanderer, assassin-like,  
Conceal'd in ambush lies;  
Prepar'd with poison'd darts to strike,  
And murder by surprise.

IV.

The thief that robs me of my gold,  
Takes what I well can spare;  
That wretch's guilt is twice ten-fold  
Who wounds my credit fair.

V.

Who casts a blemish on my fame,  
Touches my tend'rest part;  
Whoe'er impeaches my good name,  
Would stab me to the heart.

VI.

I'd labour his esteem to gain,  
Were he endu'd with sense;  
But he provokes my just disdain,  
By unprovok'd offence.

VII.

The slanderer's beneath my scorn;  
His malice I despise;  
The wretch had better ne'er been born,  
Who takes delight in lies.

VIII.

Let but one honest man commend,  
All slanderers I defy;  
In vain their hostile bows they bend,  
Their darts innoxious fly.

*A Poem*



*A Poem on the Death of His Royal Highness*  
 WILLIAM Duke of Cumberland.

NOW mourn, *Britannia*, just's thy cause of  
 grief,  
 Since death has vanquish'd thy illustrious Chief:  
*William*, who in thy cause encounter'd fate,  
 And from destruction sav'd thy tott'ring state.  
 Breathing fierce rage the Rebels hostile band  
 Enter'd our country and laid waste our land;  
 Presumptuous hope their daring souls inspir'd,  
 They fought successful, and our troops retir'd;  
*Falkirk*, *Carlisle*, and *Preston-Pans* beheld  
 Their Efforts baffled, and their courage quell'd.  
 This *Britain's* panting Genius saw with dread;  
*William* appear'd, and all her terrors fled.  
 Thus when the *Gauls* had ancient *Rome* enslav'd,  
 And *Latium's* victors in their turn were brav'd;  
 Quick to their aid the great *Camillus* came,  
 Restor'd their freedom and retriev'd their fame.  
 But *Cumberland* is now, alas! no more:  
*Britain* her great Deliv'rer must deplore.  
 A patriot's loss draws tears from ev'ry eye,  
 But chiefs and patriots, both were born to die.  
 Numbers by want and misery oppress'd,  
 The helping hand of bounteous *William* blest;  
 His thousands were most gen'rously bestow'd;  
 Still for the public good his money flow'd.

26 POETICAL BLOSSOMS: or,

*Britain* for worth so valu'd and so dear  
Upon his urn must shed the flowing tear.  
Mean time the Muse shall consecrate his name,  
And rank him with the shining sons of fame.



On EDUCATION.

BY EDUCATION nature is refin'd,  
It calls forth each Perfection of the mind.  
The Gem, when polish'd, thus to view displays  
The varied lustre of its sparkling rays;  
And human art gives lustre to the ore  
Which lay a rude and formless mass before.  
Her needful aid if Learning should deny,  
The brightest virtues would in darkness lie:  
Nor e'er could Genius to perfection rise  
Devoid of Erudition's rich supplies;  
'Tis *that* to nature force and vigour gives,  
Just as the gen'rous vine supported lives.  
Without the necessary aid it brings,  
Genius but flutters with its feeble wings;  
Once rais'd on those of Art, sublime it soars  
To highest heav'n, and nature's paths explores.  
Ere orient science' rays resplendent spread,  
And ignorance obscure her presence fled,  
Genius might animate the human breast,  
But want of knowledge all its fires suppress.  
No Bards then charm'd the world with tuneful lays,  
No Orators then gain'd the public praise;



Then nor Philosophers nor Sages shone;  
 Both arts and sciences were then unknown.  
 To EDUCATION 'tis that mortals owe  
 All that is great and excellent below.  
 As science spreads her influence divine,  
 We trace each country's grandeur or decline;  
 For Sciences whilst *Athens* was renown'd,  
 Her Arms with victory were always crown'd.  
 If *Rome* extended o'er mankind her sway,  
 And made the willing world her laws obey,  
 It was because she civiliz'd the rude,  
 And taught the nations which she first subdu'd.  
 Why lost she too at length supreme command?  
 Ignorance prevail'd; then came the *Gothic* band.  
 If *Britain* ancient *Rome* would emulate,  
 And rise in Glory o'er each neighbouring state,  
 From every nation let her win the prize  
 Of Learning, and her power o'er all will rise.



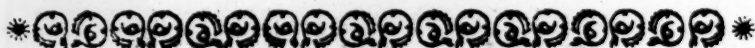
# ODE on GENIUS.

THOU flame unseen, which dost each art  
 inspire;

Whose essence none could ever yet define;  
 That to great *Homer* gave the sacred fire  
 Which fills his verse with energy divine;  
 Which *Newton* taught all nature to explore,  
 To tread the circuit of the starry skies,  
 To Heav'n on Contemplation's wing to soar,  
 And made him to the height of knowledge rise:

28 POETICAL BLOSSOMS: or,

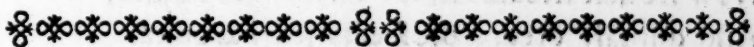
Say, Genius, do the southern climes alone  
 Thy influence boast and feel thy genial ray?  
 Or is thy pow'r to northern regions known,  
 And dost thou there an equal force display?  
 Bright Genius is to no one spot confin'd,  
 Each nation feels its animating flame;  
 The various operations of the mind  
 Throughout the world will always be the same.  
*Athens* and *Rome* may boast themselves in vain,  
 Genius has flourish'd in our western Isle;  
 In *Britain* oft' upon the Poet's strain  
 The condescending Muse has deign'd to smile.  
*Shakespear* and *Milton* in immortal lays  
 Have equall'd ancient Bards of high renown;  
 No *Greek* or *Roman* merits greater praise  
 Than is bestow'd on *Pope* and *Addison*.  
 Thus like Sol's influence Genius' force extends  
 Thro' all the world, all nations own her sway;  
 In climes where day begins and where it ends,  
 She equal virtue ever does display.



On the SPRING.

HOW gay this renovation of the year!  
 How bright the face of nature does appear!  
 Etherial mildness cheers both earth and skies,  
 Verdure and Blossoms glad our ravish'd eyes.  
 The new-created world eternal Spring  
 Once blest—so Poets in their legends sing:  
 The earth then felt the influence divine  
 Of that delightful season all benign;

Then fields were fruitful, tho' no seeds were sown;  
 Grounds fertile prov'd by solar heat alone.  
 Perhaps when fire from heav'n shall earth consume,  
 And Chaos be once more great Nature's tomb;  
 When days of bliss new Heav'n and Earth shall  
     bring,  
 Pure spirits shall enjoy eternal spring.  
 Hail, glory bright of the revolving year!  
 Hail, season to mankind for ever dear!  
 Hail, image of the much fam'd golden age,  
 From which we happiness to come presage:  
 When a new *Eden* shall to man arise,  
 And God create anew both earth and skies!



On W I N T E R.

**H**ER faded charms now drooping Nature  
 mourns,  
 And gloomy Winter clad with ice returns;  
 Gay, smiling prospects, with rich glories bright,  
 Enamel'd plains no more the eye delight;  
 But dismal gloom and horrors reign around,  
 And feather'd snow has whiten'd all the ground.  
 The warbling choirs no more salute the day,  
 Their leafy honours trees no more display;  
 Where leaves and blossoms lately flourish'd, now  
 Hang icicles on ev'ry naked bough;  
 The linnet now no more attempts to fly,  
 But fierce north-winds howl thro' the low'ring sky;  
 The shepherd weeps, but all his tears are vain,  
 For hail and snow by turns o'erspread the plain:

30 POETICAL BLOSSOMS : or,

And these white prospects vanishing, give way  
 To show'rs, or gloom that overcasts the day ;  
 Shiv'ring with cold the nymphs and swains retire,  
 Shun the chill'd plains, and seek the chearful fire.  
 Chearless is Nature's face ; his golden light  
 Sol soon withdraws, and yields the world to Night :  
 The fields with mud and mire all cover'd o'er,  
 Woodbine and gaudy flow'rs adorn no more ;  
 The tuneful lark no more ascends and sings,  
 Grief stops her song, grief checks her spreading  
 wings.

The plaintive Nightingale no more delights,  
 But hooting owls add horror to the nights.  
 Now frozen streams in icy chains are bound,  
 And dismal, dreary prospects lowr around.  
 How sad a change from Summer's glorious light !  
 When gayest objects cheer the gladden'd sight !  
 No more we see kind nature's lively bloom,  
 'Tis hid in clouds, and lost in Winter's gloom.  
 Such revolutions of the seasons show  
 All things to change are subject here below ;  
 That man should hope no lasting dwelling here,  
 His being changeful as the various year ;  
 His florid youth, with hope elate and gay,  
 Looks like the summer of Life's transient day ;  
 With ardent passion then his bosom glows,  
 No timid prudence, no forecast he knows ;  
 But when old age his head has silver'd o'er,  
 His fires all droop, his bosom burns no more.  
 Chill'd are his veins, his motions all are slow ;  
 To fleeting joys succeed a lasting woe.  
 Such is by fate's decree a mortal's doom ;  
 Old age, Life's Winter, leads him to the tomb.

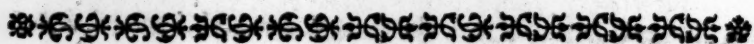




ODE *on the* EVENING.

PAST are the glories of the gorgeous day,  
 A milder glory now supplies their place;  
 Sol thro' the west extends his parting ray,  
 And ruddy streaks o'erspread th' etherial space.  
 Back from the fields the wearied oxen bear  
 The plowshare which had furrow'd deep the  
 ground,  
 Which must receive the hope of all the year;  
 Whence plenteous harvests shall in time abound.  
 The Plowman whistling to his cot repairs,  
 Sure to enjoy domestick blifs a while;  
 With his kind Consort to forget his cares,  
 Who welcomes him with an endearing smile:  
 His smiling Children all around him press,  
 And with love's glowing transports equal burn;  
 They all with joy sincere their sire caress,  
 Joy caus'd alone by his desir'd return.  
 The Sun departing makes the shades grow long;  
 And glitt'ring dew-drops deck the verdant plains;  
 Already Philomel begins her song,  
 Already tunes her sweetly plaintive strains.  
 Than those of day these glories are less bright,  
 But yet they aid the meditating soul;  
 Until at length th' approach of gloomy night,  
 With sable curtains shrowds the starry pole.



*Another on the* EVENING.

**H**OW calm and how sedate from realms of  
 light,  
 From orient realms, comes on the dusky night !  
 And throws a sable mantle o'er the face  
 Of Nature, vary'd with resistless grace.  
 Silence accompanies, with brow of care,  
 And not a breath disturbs the placid air.  
 The crystal lake's unruffled and serene,  
 Upon its surface not a wrinkle's seen.  
 With silence, contemplation comes, that soars  
 To highest heav'n, and nature's ways explores.  
 Nature, as 'twere, with gentle force oppress'd,  
 Feels the impression and sinks down to rest.  
 What splendor's in yon glitt'ring field display'd !  
 Yon field, with all the gems of heav'n inlaid !  
 'Twas thou, O mighty Father, plac'd it there ;  
 Father of all that's excellent and fair,  
 Thy power creative in the dawn of time  
 Fram'd nature's wond'rous system, work sublime !  
 That mighty mass of vivid fire, the sun,  
 Thy hand first form'd, and taught his course to run :  
 Around his center starry globes appear,  
 Thy works divine ! Each planet knows its sphere !  
 The law by which all nature is sustain'd,  
 Was by thy great omnific word ordain'd.  
 I cast my eyes around me with delight,  
 Where solemn scenes to solemn thought invite.

The rising mists, in cloudy volumes spread,  
 Conceal from sight each mountain's verdant head :  
 The green in which the meadows are array'd  
 Lively, soon sinks into the deepest shade.  
 Mute are the tuneful songsters that by day  
 Pour'd forth melodious notes from ev'ry spray.  
 Whilst mortals prostrate at this solemn hour,  
 Unconscious lie subdu'd by *Somnus*' pow'r ;  
 And sons of riot, led by frantic rage,  
 In midnight revels and mad broils engage ;  
 To thought devoted, and devoid of care,  
 To this sweet solitude let me repair,  
 And yield up all my soul to mental joy,  
 To pleasures and delights that never cloy.  
 On Contemplation's wing oft' let me soar,  
 And think of Life and Life's low cares no more ;  
 To Heaven ascend, by matter uncontrol'd,  
 And there with Angels mystic converse hold.  
 Her pow'rs let fancy, stretching to the height,  
 To regions never yet explor'd, take flight ;  
 And, happy in her own creative force,  
 Thro' worlds ideal wing her rapid course.  
 Bless'd Solitude ! unnumber'd joys are thine,  
 The noble thought, the gen'rous, great design ;  
 The feeling heart, the social wish, the mind  
 Whose love takes in each creature of each kind.  
 Fair Virtue, from all perturbations free,  
 And sacred Wisdom, ever dwell with thee.  
 O sacred pair ! of heaven vicegerents best ;  
 Let me ne'er deviate from your dictates blest ;  
 But ever follow, whilst you go before,  
 And with profound respect your steps explore.





*An ODE on MIDNIGHT.*

I.

**O** Solemn midnight! sacred hour,  
When shades enwrap the skies;  
When deep conceal'd within her bow'r  
The owl makes piercing cries:

II.

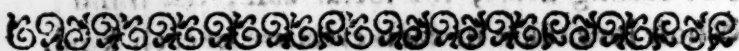
When *Cynthia* her bright light displays,  
And thro' the vast expanse  
Around her throne in various maze  
The constellations dance:

III.

When Student in the College cells  
The Lamp at midnight trims,  
And reads of Faries, Witches, Spells,  
And Alchymists strange whims:

IV.

When Ghosts from open'd tombs arise,  
And ghastly pale appear,  
Whilst with their dismal hollow cries  
They shock each list'ning ear.



*A PICTURE of a GOOD WIFE.*

**A** Wife, to make the state of wedlock blest,  
Of various qualities should be possess'd;  
Charms she should have her husband's love to gain,  
Yet of her beauty she should not be vain;





Politeness with fair beauty should combine,  
 Good breeding makes even beauty brighter shine.  
 Her Conversation should all hearers please,  
 Her thoughts she should express with graceful ease;  
 Like others of her sex she should not dwell  
 On slander, but in candour strive t'excel.  
 Serene and cloudless should her temper be,  
 Not subject to be ruff'd, like the sea;  
 Where flatt'ring calms too oft precede the storm,  
 And rising tempests Neptune's face deform.  
 She should not boast alone a beauteous face,  
 Or vain attractives of external grace;  
 Her worth to outside should not be confin'd,  
 She should possess the beauties of the mind.  
 Endu'd with native strength of thought and sense,  
 She should confute man's arrogant pretence,  
 That intellectual excellence unknown  
 To Woman, is conferr'd on Man alone.  
 Her mind, tho' not for deep researches made,  
 Should not disdain to borrow learning's aid;  
 For, when vain pedants have said all they can,  
 Learning to woman's needful as to man.  
 But modestly she should her knowledge hide,  
 And ne'er, like men, be puff'd with learned pride;  
 No Virtue more than Prudence she should share,  
 Because a family must claim her care:  
 The seeds of knowledge it is hers to sow,  
 From her the tender mind must learn to know.  
 So many duties in this state arise,  
 Such numerous connections and such ties,  
 That many virtues to her share must fall  
 Who with success acquits herself in all.

She who does so, deserves to have her name  
Enroll'd with those of Matrons dear to fame.

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*Receipt for establishing the true ROMAN  
Friendship.*

**I**N *Pliny* the receipt's convey'd  
How *Roman* friendship may be made,  
That cordial through the world renown'd,  
Then in all families was found:  
He says, they had this grand receipt  
From *Greece*, where it was most complete.  
In *Roman* friendship's rich compound  
Were many fine ingredients found;  
The chief was union of all hearts,  
A flower that grew in many parts  
Of that vast empire, tho' no more  
It common grows as heretofore.  
Of frankness and a generous spirit,  
Of tenderness and pity's merit,  
They took besides an equal share,  
And mix'd them up with oils most rare;  
The first, I on inquiry find,  
Was call'd the oil of wishes kind;  
The last serenity's sweet oil  
Which this our age is known to spoil:  
To make it pass the better, these  
Were season'd with desire to please,  
Which did a grateful smell afford,  
And from the vapours men restor'd.

This cordial thus prepar'd, so lasted,  
 It was not in time's pow'r to waste it;  
 And, what seem'd strange, as old it grew,  
 It grew in weight and value too.  
 The moderns, fill'd with self-conceit,  
 Have spoil'd entirely this receipt:  
 They have not the ingredients all;  
 But this is what they Friendship call;  
 Outward professions ev'ry hour,  
 Instead of union, friendship's flower;  
 Of the desire of smiling pleasure  
 A quantity beyond all measure;  
 Of selfishness, ingredient bad!  
 And of convenience, much they add;  
 Of cold reserve a plenteous share,  
 But still they tender pity spare.  
 Some too, who fain would shew their wit,  
 Th'ingredients last we nam'd omit.  
 Oil of inconstancy they take,  
 And with it they their mixture make;  
 Tho' like to linseed oil we're told,  
 It instantly becomes quite cold.  
 As these ingredients perish fast,  
 The Friendship made of them can't last;  
 And that 'tis counterfeit we guess,  
 Because it ev'ry day grows less.





*The* BEAST's Academy. *A FABLE.*

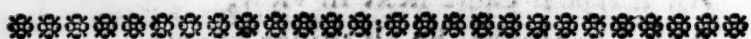
**A** *Horse* in science deeply skill'd  
 A grand Academy would build;  
 And advertis'd his purpose straight,  
 All Teaching at the lowest rate;  
 With able Masters of each sort,  
 For camp, for compting house, and court;  
 All Animals, whate'er their parts,  
 Should be instructed in the Arts.  
 The first presented to the school  
 Was by his mother brought, the *Mule*;  
 She said, that schooling days once ended,  
 A truncheon was for him intended;  
 So urg'd the Master with much grace,  
 To fit her darling for his place;  
 The Master goes about it straight,  
 Each lesson has its proper weight,  
 Instructs him in war's rugged art,  
 Tho' not so fit for car as cart;  
 For in the son the fire appears,  
 He can't conceal his Ass's ears.  
 A *Colt* next with his mother came,  
 So much a fav'rite with the dame,  
 She gave strict orders that the rules,  
 The discipline severe of schools,  
 Should not be us'd, but he should do  
 Whatever he was minded to:  
 For Master was an only child,  
 And his fine eyes must not be spoil'd.



An *Elephant* came next in view,  
 Altho' untaught, he all things knew;  
 No native he indeed of *France*,  
 And yet he fain would learn to dance.  
 The *Bear* would learn to be polite,  
 To top the courtier, wrong or right;  
 And was of his address so vain,  
 He thought preferment to obtain;  
 So, spite of his unwieldy parts,  
 He must a Master be of Arts.  
 The *Hedge-hog* had a turn to law;  
 And *Puss* must needs be taught to draw.  
 The *Ass* was quite on music bent,  
 The *Ape* on politics intent:  
 The ditch won't with the *Frog* go down,  
 He's therefore tutor'd for the town;  
 The *Mouse* is flogg'd to Navigation,  
 An admiral for the *British* nation.  
 'Mongst all degrees of Beasts there came  
 Sufficient numbers still to claim  
 Emolument; for small or great  
 Still aim at pension or estate;  
 And money always has the grace  
 To fit a booby for his place:  
 Here one is a Physician made,  
 Who should by right have learn'd a trade;  
 Another's hurried to the College,  
 To look for military knowledge.  
 Each parent had some plan in view,  
 Tho' none their childrens talents knew.

When of professions you make choice,  
 Listen alone to Nature's voice.



*The Academy of ANIMALS. A FABLE.*

'TIS Education forms the mind,  
 By that our manners are refin'd;  
 From that alone we may derive  
 The reasons why we fail or thrive;  
 That this may evident appear  
 A Fable with attention hear.

A *Batt*, of grave and solemn air,  
 Resolv'd of Youth t'assume the care:  
 And thought, so great his pedant pride,  
 Himself for teaching qualify'd.  
 His scheme appearing well-advis'd,  
 He soon his purpose advertis'd,  
 And o'er his door these words appear,  
 YOUTH BOARDED AND INSTRUCTED HERE.  
 Crowds quickly to the School repair,  
 And the first scholar was the *Hare*.  
 Merchants accompts he was to learn,  
 For his wise father could discern  
 That he by nature's self was made  
 To grow immensely rich by Trade.  
 The *Mule* was by his mother brought,  
 She'd have him Greek and Latin taught,  
 Because, his studies once being ended,  
 Her son was for the Church intended;  
 For a rich kinsman, hence her drift,  
 Had a good living in his gift.  
 The *Deer* for military Station  
 Learns fencing and fortification;

His Master, that he might grow valiant,  
 Talks to him much of angles saliant,  
 And in his lessons always harps  
 On ravelines and counterescarps.  
 The Fencing-master, with great art,  
 Teaches the youth to *parry quart*,  
 Intended for the sea, the *Ox*  
 The compass now must learn to box ;  
 And tho' he had a clumsy paw,  
 'Twas proper he should learn to draw.  
 The *Bear*, possess'd of an estate,  
 Should not with learning vex his pate,  
 But was to learn such things as suit  
 The quality of genteel Brute,  
 French, Music, Drawing, and to Dance ;  
 For 'Squire must take a trip to *France*.  
 The *Ape*, who was his mother's darling,  
 Must not be taught by blows and snarling,  
 But was to school sent, as we hear,  
 Lest mischief should the child come near.

But what did all this care produce ?  
 What was such Education's use ?  
 The *Merchant* bankrupt was declar'd,  
 His failure ne'er could be repair'd ;  
 The *Student* sent to lay in knowledge,  
 Could never take degree at college.  
 The *Officer*, tho' very gay,  
 In fight was first to run away.  
 The *Sailor*, in a sudden gale,  
 Could not so much as reef top-sail.  
 The *Bear*, who to the continent  
 Politeness to acquire was sent,

42 POETICAL BLOSSOMS: or,

Return'd a rustic country 'squire,  
 And no improvement could acquire.  
 The *Ape*, sent by his parent's care  
 To school, learn'd each vice practis'd there.  
 But now I'll try, if I am able,  
 To tack a moral to my Fable—  
 Parents, from interested views  
 Ne'er for your sons professions choose,  
 But above all things be intent  
 To find their Genius' real bent,  
 By nature every human mind  
 Is some peculiar way inclin'd;  
 Find but that way in ev'ry son,  
 The work of EDUCATION's done.



HORACE, Ode V. Book I.

To PYRRHA.

**P**YRRHA, what slender youth reclin'd

On rosy bed now finds thee kind?  
 To please what Gallant's leering eye  
 Dost thou thy golden tresses tie,  
 And graceful curl thy flowing hair,  
 With simple, unaffected air?  
 How oft shall he in frantic strain  
 Of broken vows and heav'n complain?  
 How shall he view, with strange surprise,  
 The angry seas around him rise?  
 Who now in favour hopes to find  
*Pyrrha* still disengag'd and kind?



Hapless the vot'ries who adore  
Thy charms, to them unknown before.  
My dripping clothes in *Neptune's* fane  
Hung high, my blest escape explain;  
Where consecrated they remain  
To the great Pow'r that rules the main.



HORACE, *Ode IX. Book I.*

To THALIARCHUS.

I.

SEE how *Soracte's* whiten'd o'er with snow;  
How woods with heavy ice o'erwhelmed stand;  
How streams congeal'd no more with freedom flow;  
How rigorous cold benumbs the frozen land.

II.

Expel the cold, your wood ne'er spare;  
Bring forth the good old *Sabine* wine;  
From winter it can banish care,  
And make poor mortals cease to pine.

III.

Leave other things to Heaven's high will;  
The forests fluctuate no more;  
When hush'd by Heav'n the winds lie still,  
When storms and ocean cease to roar.

IV.

Do not into the future pry;  
Think each day gain'd that's given by fate;  
Do not from love's soft pleasures fly,  
But taste them ere it is too late.

## V.

Ere age comes on with wrinkled brow,  
 Let's take the pleasures of the field;  
 Amours are quite in season now,  
 Each night let love its pleasures yield.

## VI.

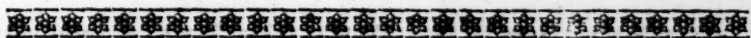
You with a wanton girl should play,  
 Or snatch a bracelet from her arm;  
 Her laugh will where she's hid betray,  
 Her weak resistance too must charm.

\*\*\*\*\*

HORACE, *Ode XI. Book I.*

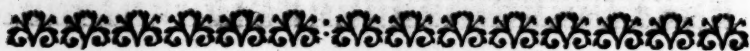
## TO LEUCONOE.

STRIVE not with impious daring mind,  
 Our fate, *Leuconoe*, to find;  
 Aim not with curious eye to see  
 What Heav'n intends for you and me.  
 Astrology brings no relief,  
 'Tis patience moderates our grief.  
 Whether *Jove's* will supreme it be  
 That many winters you shall see,  
 Or this same winter sends you home,  
 Which whitens rocks with *Tyrrhene* foam;  
 Be wise, drink deep, drive care away,  
 Contract your hopes, Life's but a day;  
 Seize time, for whilst we speak it flies;  
 Trust not to-morrow, for it lies.

HORACE, *Ode XIII. Book I.**To LYDIA.*

WHEN, *Lydia*, you with strange delight  
Young *Telephus*'s charms recite,  
When you extol his arm's fine turn,  
And neck, with jealousy I burn :  
My senses then begin to fail,  
My glowing cheeks turn deadly pale ;  
Tears trickling from my eyes too, show  
How fires within consume me slow.  
I burn with jealousy whene'er  
I see wine stain your shoulders fair,  
For to me plain those marks discover  
Your quarrels with your rakish lover.  
I rave when on your lips I find  
The marks his kisses leave behind.  
But hope he will not constant prove,  
Who shews so brutally his love ;  
And those soft lips to wound presumes,  
Which *Venus*' nectar sweet perfumes.  
Thrice happy those whom love detains  
Captive in everlasting chains,  
Whose passion lasts as long as life,  
Unchang'd by jealousy or strife.





HORACE, *Ode XXV. Book I.*

To LYDIA.

**T**HE bloods and bucks of this lewd town  
No longer shake your windows down  
With knocking ;

Your door stands still, no more you hear

“ I die for you, O *Lydia* dear,”

Love's God your slumbers rocking.

Forfaken, in some narrow lane

You in your turn will loud complain,

Gallants no more engaging :

Whilst north-winds roar, and lust, whose pow'r

Makes madding mares the meadows scour,

Is in your bosom raging.

You're griev'd, and quite eat up with spleen,

That ivy and sweet myrtle green

Young men alone long after ;

And that away they dri'd leaves throw,

And let them down the river go

With laughter.







HORACE, Ode XXXVIII. Book I.

To his FOOTMAN.

I.

PERSIAN magnificence I hate,  
Garlands too gaudy cannot please me;  
By seeking still where roses late  
Are to be gather'd, you but teaze me.

II.

Plain myrtle garlands well may pass,  
They'll do for you whilst you attend me;  
They'll suit me whilst I take my glass,  
And shady vines from heat defend me.



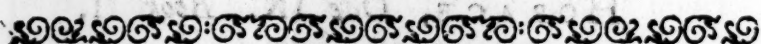
HORACE, Ode IX. Book II.

To VALGIUS.

ETERNALLY from clouds the rain  
Does not in copious torrents flow,  
Nor from on high upon the plain  
Rush down and deluge all below.  
Nor does the rage of the inconstant storm  
Eternally the *Caspian* sea deform.  
Nor in *Armenia*, *Valgius* dear,  
Do heavy icy mountains stand  
In every month, nor thro' the year  
Do flakes of snow conceal the land.  
The oaks of *Garganus* don't always sound  
With winds, nor trees with leaves bestrew the  
ground.

48 POETICAL BLOSSOMS: or,

With tears lost *Myſter* fills your eyes,  
Nor are your ſorrows done  
When *Vesperus*' does in heaven ariſe,  
Or flies the rapid ſun.  
Ag'd *Neflor* did not all his years  
Grieve for *Antilochus*' death;  
Nor did his kindred ſhed eternal tears  
When *Troilus* reſign'd his breath.  
No longer mourn your much-lov'd Son;  
Our voices let us raiſe,  
And ſing the trophies *Cæſar* won,  
They well deſerve our lays:  
That *Parthian* and *Armenian* pride  
Bow down before his throne;  
That within bounds the *Scythians* ride,  
And *Cæſar*'s prowess own.



HORACE, Ode X. Book II. Imitated.

I.

TEMPT not too much the boiſterous main,  
*Licinius*, nor with abject fear,  
The ſtorm deſpairing to ſuſtain,  
Still ſeek the ſhore and come too near.

II.

Who eaſily is ſatiſfy'd,  
From ſordid meannefs lives ſecure;  
He does not ſhine in kingly pride,  
Altho' not rich, he is not poor.

The

III.

The loftiest trees most feel the storm,  
 High tow'rs fall with the loudest crash;  
 Thunders the highest hills deform,  
 And oft they're blasted by the light'nings flash.

IV.

When fortune frowns, the steady mind  
 Is still with hope elate;  
 Her smiles true prudence cannot blind,  
 She dreads a turn of fate.

V.

With tempests *Jove* deforms the skies,  
 Then bids them be serene;  
 Ills various may in life arise,  
 But fortune shifts the scene.

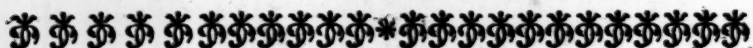
VI.

*Apollo* sometimes tunes the Lyre,  
 And charms the list'ning ear;  
 It is not always his desire  
 To chase the flying deer.

VII.

Undaunted in distress appear;  
 When prosp'rous calms are nigh,  
 Your bark with cautious prudence steer,  
 And all presumption fly.





HORACE, *Ode XVI. Book II.*

I.

**T**HE Merchant, when the storms arise,  
When hurricanes deform the skies,  
With terror the dire scene surveys,  
And importunes the Gods for ease.

## II.

The *Thracian*, furious in the fight,  
The *Medes*, whose quivers please the fight,  
Still pray for ease, not to be sold  
For gems, for purple, or for gold.

### III.

For neither wealth, nor guards who wait  
Upon the haughty Consul's state,  
Those cares can banish which infest  
The ever-anxious statesman's breast.

#### IV.

The owner of a small estate  
Lives well, but eats not out of plate,  
Nor avarice nor fear annoy  
His peace, or his repose destroy.

**V.**

Why aims so various in life's span?  
So oft why do we change our plan?  
From clime to clime why do we roam?  
He's yet with self who flies his home.



VI.

Corroding care the ship ascends,  
On troops of warriors she attends,  
The stag in swiftness she excels,  
And *Eurus* who the clouds dispels.

VII.

Contented with his present state,  
The wise man prys not into fate;  
With chearfulness can temper woe,  
Nor hopes for perfect bliss below.

VIII.

In youth the fam'd *Achilles* dy'd;  
Age brought *Tithonus* low;  
And what to thee fate has deny'd,  
On me she may bestow.

IX.

Both flocks and herds thy meadows feed,  
Thou'rt master of the neighing steed,  
Thou'rt cloth'd with robes of purple dye,  
Whose lustre cheers the gladden'd eye:

X.

On me has bounteous fate bestow'd  
The spirit of the Grecian ode;  
She gave besides a small estate,  
And for the vulgar scorn and hate.





HORACE, Ode IX. Book III.

Dialogue between *Horace* and *Lydia*.

I.

*Hor.* **W**HILST to my *Lydia* I was dear,  
 Whilst she my heart possest,  
 Contented with my humble sphere,  
 I was like monarchs blest.

II.

*Lyd.* Whilst yet you had no other flame,  
 Whilst I had all your love,  
 I was contented with my fame,  
*Ilia* could not my envy move.

III.

*Hor.* For *Chloe*, blest with talents rare,  
 I now incessant sigh;  
 For whom, would heav'n her life but spare,  
 I could consent to die.

IV.

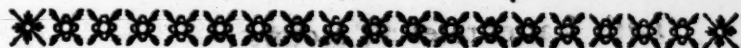
*Lyd.* With ardent love for *Calais* I burn,  
 For whom two deaths I'd bear,  
 If the kind gods would in return  
 The much lov'd youth but spare.

V.

*Hor.* My former vows should I renew,  
*Chloe* should I for you discard,  
 If I should pay you homage due,  
 Would you receive your once-lov'd bard?

V.I.

*Lyd.* Tho' *Calais* the stars outshines,  
Tho' vicious and inconstant you;  
So much my soul to you inclines,  
My former love I would renew.



HORACE, Ode XIX. Book III.

To TELEPHUS.

II.

'T WIXT *Inachus* and *Codrus*' age  
The intervening space,  
The *Trojan* war's inveterate rage  
And *Æacus*'s Race,

II.

These things, you tell us, we must own;  
But where good cheer and wine  
Are to be had, you ne'er make known,  
But leave us to divine.

III.

To the new Moon a bumper fill,  
Another to mid-night;  
To our new Augur one more still;  
Now drinking deep is right.

IV.

The Bard devoted to the Nine,  
Nine bumpers drinks with pleasure;  
The Graces, enemies to wine,  
Allow but scanty measure.

54 POETICAL BLOSSOMS: or,

V.

Let us indulge our joy of heart,  
Quick tune the *Phrygian* flute;  
I hate those who won't bear a part;  
Why does yon Lyre hang mute?

VI.

Let's scatter roses all around;  
Our mirth let *Lycus* hear;  
His envy it will quite confound,  
Be too his mistress near.

VII.

Your graceful hair, your charms divine,  
Won *Chloe's* youthful heart;  
Another is possess'd of mine,  
*Glycera* wing'd the dart.

\*\*\*\*\*

HORACE, *Ode XIV. Book II.*

HORACE to POSTHUMUS.

I.

AH *Posthumus*, with rapid haste  
The rolling years fly swift away,  
Nor can your piety the waste  
Of Nature or old Age delay.

II.

Not tho' thou hell's relentless King  
With hundred hecatombs shouldst gain,  
Who earthly Kings can captive bring,  
And bind them with the *Stygian* chain.



III.

For all that breathe must pass that lake,  
Both Swains, and Monarchs swell'd with pride;  
All must the earth alike forsake,  
*Charon* shall waft them to the other side.

IV.

We fly from horrid war in vain,  
In vain we fly the boist'rous seas;  
In vain th'autumnal tainted plain  
We fly, and elsewhere seek for ease.

V.

For death bears o'er each region sway,  
Its pow'r to ev'ry clime extends;  
Our being does but last a day,  
To death it ev'ry moment tends.

VI.

Our splendid domes, whose grand design  
Excites both wonder and delight,  
Which boast the artist's skill divine,  
Death soon will ravish from our sight.

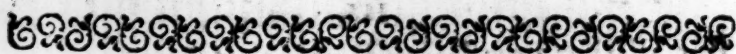
VII.

The various trees of ev'ry kind  
Which spread their shade upon the plain,  
You then, alas! must leave behind,  
The cyprus will alone remain.

VIII.

The wine your cellars now contain,  
Your heir shall drink it at his ease;  
The pavement he'll with liquor stain  
Which ev'n the taste of priests would please.





## A. M A D R I G A L.

I Know not, *Phillis*, heav'nly fair,  
 Why thus I feel corroding care;  
 But since I've seen your charms divine,  
 I daily and I hourly pine.  
 If when I saw you first your eyes  
 Excited in me strange surprise,  
 And pierc'd my love-sick, bleeding heart,  
 With wounds like those of *Cupid's* dart;  
 Say, would it not your wonder move,  
 If still I should declare, I LOVE?



## The UNPROFITABLE COMPLAINT.

THO' Fate has made us part,  
*Aricia*, still my breast  
 Is wounded, and my heart  
 Without thee finds no rest.  
 O'erwhelm'd with endless grief,  
 I seek you ev'ry where;  
 My soul finds no relief,  
 Whilst absent from my fair.  
 Should cruel fate ordain  
 To part us evermore,  
 I'd seek some distant plain  
 Where fiercest Lions roar.

Abandon'd to my care  
 Within my grot obscure,  
 From thinking on my fair  
 I ne'er shall find a cure.  
 Tho' troubled ocean raves  
 When combated by wind;  
 The conflict in the waves  
 Is less than in my mind.  
 May I by fate's decree  
 Be doom'd the world to range,  
 Before the love that she  
 Inspir'd me with shall change.  
 A passion so refin'd  
 Could not be rais'd in vain:  
 GODS! make my fair-one kind,  
 Her heart O let me gain.  
 'Twas thus in plaintive strain  
 Zephus explain'd his mind,  
 He cross'd the roaring main,  
 And *Antwerp* left behind.  
 But vain was all he said,  
 Complaints brought no relief;  
 Like shifting wind they fled  
 And never eas'd his grief.

\*\*\*\*\*

A S O N G.

I'M a lover forlorn and unblest,  
 To *Cupid's* hard bondage a slave:  
 Tho' my heart is a stranger to rest,  
 I love whilst with torment I rave.

Must those love-darting eyes then destroy?  
 Must they banish all peace from my mind?  
 From a flame which should only cause joy  
 Must I anguish most cruel then find?  
 With love I'm consum'd! I expire!  
 I die! and thou sure art the cause:  
 Since thy charms I so highly admire,  
 O save me from death's cruel jaws!  
 How happy a lot would be mine,  
 In thy love could I ever be blest?  
 I'd thy beauty adore as divine;  
 Such bliss can't by tongue be express'd.

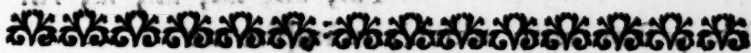
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## A S O N G.

**T**HE Shepherd, when with genial ray  
 The sun the earth unbinds,  
 The glories hail of orient day,  
 And fears nor cold nor winds.  
 His bleating flocks he from the plain  
 Again with transport leads;  
 He dreads nor storm, nor hail, nor rain,  
 When summer decks the meads.  
 His oaten reed he tunes once more,  
 Once more he all around  
 Makes the gay plains and sunny shore  
 His amorous lays resound.  
 The Sailor when the storm subsides  
 With terror shrinks no more;  
 Whilst thro' calm seas his vessel glides,  
 With joy he seeks the shore,



'Tis thus when *Chloe* smiles, my breast  
Is blest with joy and peace;  
Then all my cares are lull'd to rest,  
And all my sorrows cease.



A S O N G.

To a L A D Y who desir'd to have a Song wrote  
in her praise.

*A* P O L L O aid refuses,  
My fancy won't take flight;  
Abandon'd by the Muses  
In vain I try to write.  
I can't express my meaning,  
But silence has great force;  
Its purport love explaining,  
'Tis understood of course.



A S O N G.

N O mortal can love more sincerely  
Than I, when a fair one proves kind;  
But if she proves cruel, I fairly  
Tell the nymph that she's not to my mind.  
*Sing Tal, lal, lal, lal, la, ra.*

I value not title nor riches,  
My love is not so to be gain'd;  
My soul 'tis bright beauty bewitches,  
Or by sprightly wit 'tis obtain'd.

*Tal, lal, lal, &c.*

60 POETICAL BLOSSOMS: or,

If a lover with passion addresses  
A nymph that begins to come too,  
When she yields, then more warmly he presses,  
For bashfulness then will not do.

*Tal, la!, la!, la!, la, ra.*

The passion with which you inspire me

To time cannot ever give way,

But to love no more if you desire me

Without more ado, I'll obey.

*Tal, la!, la!, la!, la, ra.*

\*\*\*\*\*

SONG for the Whitsuntide Breaking-up.

OUR studies, my lads, we may now lay aside:  
The long wish'd for season is come, *Whit-*  
*suntide*;

To our several homes then with joy let's repair,  
And our time pass in feasting and merriment there.

Who studies too hard very seldom proves wise,  
Hid at a well's bottom we are told that truth lies;  
Who dives deep to find it runs a risk to be drown'd,  
So I'll bid a farewell to inquiries profound.

The soul becomes lively by sporting and play,  
Then, my lads, to our homes let us all haste away;  
For by recreation the mind is unbent

We shall surely come livelier back than we went.  
All things have their season, and it just must appear  
That the season of pleasure should come twice a  
year;

So farewell to study, from the school straight I'll hie  
And for three weeks I'll not on a book cast my eye.





Letter to WILL the Pilot. Versified by J. W.

Dear WILL,

I Am glad to hear you hold the rudder,  
Tho' fools and knaves still keep a pudder.  
The Captain, GOD increase his days,  
Is a good man, and merits praise;  
But how could he the boist'rous wave  
With such a crew of hell-hounds brave?  
Who ne'er would watch-and-watch turn out,  
But go ashore and gad about;  
Would only game and eat and sleep,  
But never could a reck'ning keep.  
So they're but paid, they do not care  
Tho' the *Britannia*, (vessel rare!)  
With the brave lads before her mast  
Should to the bottom sink at last.  
But now it gives me joy at heart,  
That none unskill'd in marine art,  
On board the navy are admitted;  
But that the fleet's with hands well fitted.  
Let ev'ry birth and cabbin be  
Kept clean, and from all vermin free.  
With quacks avoid to hold connection,  
They never fail to spread infection;  
Let none of that vile race come nigh,  
But chief the Scot *John Booty* fly;  
Of caustics vile by him apply'd,  
Your poor, unhappy mother dy'd.

62 POETICAL BLOSSOMS.

My folks have oft been sadly mawl'd,  
By men who are *Free-booters* call'd;  
If whilst on cruizing bound, your fleet  
The following pirates chance to meet,  
No quarter you must e'er afford 'em  
But whensoever you meet must board them.

The first's *Hall Reynard*, *All-sides* nam'd,  
By some, a pirate highly fam'd;  
The Dutch flag he displays on high;  
His hold with sable strikes the eye.  
The next is *Harry Pedlar* hight,  
His colours shew forth to the fight  
A figure, by which 'tis design'd  
To shew the owner's turn of mind:  
There a bread-waggon you behold,  
Which soldiers starv'd in crowds does hold,  
And in it likewise there is found  
For *P*— five hundred thousand pound.  
Next's *Peter Tyler*, merry wag,  
Who shews on his facetious flag  
A child who does with halter pull  
A man from well of water full.  
So wishing thee well o'er the main,  
Dear *Will*, I ever shall remain,  
(You may depend upon my story)

Your most affectionate,

ALBION'S GLORY.





T H E  
AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

A  
C O M E D Y  
O F

O N E A C T.

Translated from the French of

Monfieur DE MARIVAUX,

Of the Academy of SCIENCES at PARIS;

And performed by the Scholars of

Mr RULE's ACADEMY at ISLINGTON,

At their Breaking-up at *Whitsuntide*, 1766.

AGREEABLE SURPRISE

COMEDY

ACT

Translated from the French of

Monsieur DE MARIWAX

And the Academy of Sciences at Paris

And performed by the Scholars of

MR RUELLE ACADEMY AT LONDON

At the Theatre of St. James's, 1702

# PROLOGUE

Spoken by Master ANDERSON.

**A**Dventurous we to tread the Stage aspire;  
May *Phæbus* grant us true poetic fire!  
Our scenes are new, so likewise is our piece,  
It comes from *France*, and not from *Rome* or *Greece*;  
Humour and wit combine in ev'ry part;  
Its useful moral tends to mend the heart.  
But still perhaps 'tis somewhat new, you'll say  
For School-boys to attempt to act a Play.  
Why should th' attempt surprise? it suits our age;  
It has been said that all the world's a Stage.  
Of general use indeed must prove this art,  
Since every man was born to act his part.  
Oft by this talent men have soar'd to fame;  
Still *Roscus* rivals *Tully's* deathless name;  
And as *Corneille* the Poet's wreath acquir'd,  
*Baron* will ever be in *France* admir'd;

Thus Bards are famous, and in ev'ry age  
 Players meet just applause, tho' off the Stage.  
 Perfections various must in him be found,  
 Who in this art shall with success be crown'd.  
 And yet we use not acting as a trade,  
 But now and then call in its pleasing aid,  
 A flowing elocution to acquire  
 And make true dignity with ease conspire;  
 "By tender strokes to touch each feeling heart,"  
 For this we practice the Comedian's art.  
 With caution we the Players vices fly,  
 Yet gladly would in graceful talents vie.  
 Easy, genteel address their art bestows;  
 To that the Orator his influence owes.  
 Indulgent then our weak attempt behold,  
 Favour'd by you the timid may grow bold;  
 What little merit may be thought our due,  
 Is left to be decided, Sirs, by you;  
 To you, our Judges, we submit our cause,  
 And hope for your indulgence and applause.



THE NEW YORK THEATRE

# Dramatic Performance

M E N


Mr. O'Connell  
Damon his Son }  
love with Constance }  
Cervantes  
Pasquill, Secretary }  
Dante }

W O M E N

Mrs. D'O'ville  
Constantia }  
Daughter to Mrs. }  
D'O'ville }  
Isabelle, Waiting- }  
maid to Constance }

SCENE I A Garden at Paris

THE NEW YORK THEATRE



## Dramatis Personæ.


### M E N.

|                                                    |                              |
|----------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Mr ORGON,                                          | Master M <sup>c</sup> GUSTY. |
| DAMON his Son, in<br>love with <i>Constantia</i> , | } Master ANDERSON.           |
| CHEVALIER,                                         | Master ANDREWS.              |
| PASQUIN, Servant to<br><i>Damon</i> ,              | } Master WITHERSTON.         |

### W O M E N.

|                                                      |                         |
|------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Mrs D'ORVILLE,                                       | Master SMITH.           |
| CONSTANTIA,<br>Daughter to Mrs<br><i>D'Orville</i> , | } Master HITCH.         |
| LISETTE, Waiting-<br>maid to <i>Constantia</i> ,     | } Master BRETT, senior. |

SCENE *a Garden at Paris, adjoining to  
a Lodging-House.*





THE  
AGREEABLE SURPRISE,  
A  
COMEDY.

SCENE I.

*Scene a Garden at Paris, which has a communication with a lodging-house.*

DAMON and PASQUIN. (*Damon with a sorrowful air*) Pasquin following, soon after their appearance, says with a melancholy tone;

PASQUIN.

\*\*\*\*\* Even grant, Sir, that you may benefit  
\* H \* by your misfortune, and that it may  
\* \* \* teach you to live more prudently for  
the future.

DAMON.

Hold your prating, I leave me to myself.

PASQUIN.

Sir, I must talk to you; what I have to say is of the utmost importance.

DAMON.

Pray, what may your business be?

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PASQUIN.

You have been now a fortnight at *Paris*.

DAMON.

Come to the point.

PASQUIN.

Hear me out, Sir; your Father sent you to *Paris* to purchase a place, the sum he intended for that purpose was deposited in the hands of your Banker, from whom you have already drawn one half; the consequence of which is, that you can have but one half of your place; and that's a dreadful affair,

DAMON.

Is that all you have to say?

PASQUIN.

Patience, Sir, I likewise have a place myself; I am charged to watch over your conduct, and direct you by my advice. *Pasquin*, said your Father to me, the day before our departure, I am acquainted with your zeal, your judgment and your prudence; never quit my son; be his guide, regulate his actions; in a word, consider him as a ward, whom I entrust to your care. I gave him my promise, and likewise my word and honour; I rely'd upon your tractable temper. Your conduct, you must be sensible, is very disagreeable; my advice is slighted; your finances are impair'd, one half of your money is gone, and here is my ward in a most deplorable condition, yet I am obliged to give an account of you; which renders my situation very unhappy.



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D A M O N.

You must acknowledge that all this is rather to be imputed to ill luck than any fault of mine. On my arrival at *Paris*, I took lodgings at this house, the garden is common to it and another; I now and then take a walk in it, I meet there with the Chevalier, I enter into conversation with him, he lodges at the same house, we dine at the same table; I find it is customary here for people to play after dinner; which he proposes to me; I consent and play; at first I am a winner, I continue to play, though without any liking to it; and find myself at last considerably out of pocket. There's the whole rise and progress of my misfortune: but don't be under any uneasiness, I'll play but once more, to regain my money, and am persuaded I shall be successful.

P A S Q U I N

Ah, Sir! your persuasion is vain; depend upon it, it is only some evil spirit which whispers that in your ear.

D A M O N.

No *Pasquin*, fortune is not always unfavourable. I want to have it once more in my power to purchase the place you speak of, that my father may know nothing of what has happen'd; besides 'twas in this garden I first saw the amiable *Constantia*, 'tis here I sometimes have the pleasure of seeing her; and I flatter myself that she does not hate me; so great a happiness is more than a compensation for all my losses.

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PASQUIN.

As to your passion for her, I entirely approve of it; I will admit too, that the pleasure I take in seeing *Lisette*, her waiting-maid, has greatly diminish'd the trouble and uneasiness your misconduct occasions me; had it not been for her, such affliction had been insupportable. But there is one thing that still perplexes me, and that is, that *Constantia's* mother, when she walks here with her daughter, does not seem very well pleas'd with your company, when you accost them and join in their conversation. Her countenance seems to lengthen; I am afraid she takes you for a rattle; you are a pretty fellow, however, genteel enough; but there is at times something in your air, a *Je ne sçai quoi*, which bespeaks giddiness; you take my meaning, and you must know such blades are not much approv'd of by mothers.

DAMON *laughing*.

What would this prater be at? but who's that coming towards us through yonder walk?

PASQUIN.

Perhaps 'tis that thief of a Chevalier, coming to look after the money you have still left.

DAMON.

Take care what you say, and step forward to see who it is.



SCENE

SCENE II.

The CHEVALIER, DAMON, PASQUIN.

CHEVALIER.

*Pasquin*, where's your master?

PASQUIN.

He's gone out, Sir.

CHEVALIER.

How, gone out? I see him walking yonder; why do you deny him to me?

PASQUIN *in a surly tone*.

I do every thing for the best.

CHEVALIER.

Good morrow, *Damon*, this servant of yours was not willing I should see you; was you busy?

DAMON.

No; it was because he was going to settle an account with me, that I'm in no hurry about.

PASQUIN.

It was because, Sir, I don't love those that win my master's money.

CHEVALIER.

Perhaps it may be his turn to win next time.

PASQUIN.

O yes, to be sure!

DAMON *to PASQUIN*.

Hold your tongue.

CHEVALIER.

Let him talk, I like his blunt humour, because it proceeds from his love and affection.

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PASQUIN.

And likewise from my prudence.

DAMON to PASQUIN.

Will you be silent?

CHEVALIER.

I don't mind what he says. I was invited to dine in town, and was willing to see you before my departure.

DAMON.

Won't you return here this evening to the ball?

CHEVALIER.

Probably not; I fancy they'll make me stay supper where I go.

DAMON.

How so? I took it for granted you would give me my revenge this evening.

CHEVALIER.

It will scarcely be possible for me to do so; besides, I have this very morning receiv'd a letter which will, I believe, oblige me to go to morrow into the country for a few days.

DAMON.

Into the country?

PASQUIN.

Pray, Sir, do so; 'tis very fine weather; begone dear Chevalier, and don't return, our affairs greatly require your absence; there are a great many fine folks in the country, divert yourself with ruining a few of them.

DAMON to PASQUIN.

What, you won't leave off?

CHE-



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CHEVALIER.

I begin to grow tir'd of this.

DAMON.

Remember, Sir, I expect you this evening.

CHEVALIER.

Shall I tell you the plain truth? I never play but for ready money, and you told me yesterday you had none left.

DAMON.

Don't let that prevent you; I can supply myself within a step or two.

CHEVALIER.

If so, I'll soon be with you.

PASQUIN *with a melancholy tone.*

Alas! we were only wounded before, now we are kill'd outright. [*To his Master*] Sir, the money that is but a step off, is not yours; 'tis your father's, and you know very well he has no intention that the Chevalier should have any part of it; he does not intend him a single farthing.

DAMON.

You'll make me angry at last; be gone.

PASQUIN *angrily.*

Sir, I am sure you will lose.

CHEVALIER *laughing.*

I hope he is right, however.

PASQUIN *to the Chevalier.*

You know very well that I have guess'd right.

CHEVALIER, *with some emotion.*

What do you mean?

E

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PASQUIN.

I say he'll lose; you are such a thorough-paced gamester, that you are always sure of winning.

DAMON.

The fellow's a fool.

PASQUIN.

There is no harm in saying you will lose, for that there can be no doubt of.

CHEVALIER.

This is an insolent varlet.

PASQUIN, *without looking at him.*  
He will lose, however.

CHEVALIER.

Good-by till we meet again.

[Exit.

DAMON.

Be sure don't disappoint me.

PASQUIN.

Never fear, he knows better things than that comes to.

SCENE III.

DAMON and PASQUIN.

DAMON.

I must own, you quite tire my patience. Do you know the consequence of such discourse as this, and that were I the Chevalier nothing should ever engage me to play any more.

PASQUIN.

That's because you have spirit, and he cunning and address.

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DAMON.

But why are you so positive he will win.

PASQUIN.

Because 'twill be his pleasure to win.

DAMON.

Did you ever hear any ill of him? have you ever receiv'd any information concerning him?

PASQUIN.

No; I have receiv'd no information about him, except from his own looks; they have discover'd to me all the ill I know of him.

DAMON.

Nonsense.

PASQUIN.

I'll be cut to pieces if he is not a knave; such a phyze as his never belong'd to an honest man. *Lisette*, when she saw him here yesterday, thought so too.

DAMON.

*Lisette!* a fine voucher truly!

PASQUIN.

A fine voucher! let me tell you, Sir, that girl perceiv'd all my great qualities the very first moment she cast her eye upon me.

DAMON, *going away laughing.*

Ha! ha! ha! she's a girl of notable penetration to be sure. I am going to my banker; this is post day, so take care to be in the way.

PASQUIN.

Stay, Sir, we have been interrupted, and my orders were that by reason of that light-headedness I

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mention'd to you before, I should engage you to do all your father directed ; here is a little memorandum in which I have set down all his orders. [*Reads.*] List of all the articles and commissions recommended by Mr *Orgon* to *Damon* his eldest son, to the due and punctual performance, discharge and observance of which it is enjoin'd me, *Pasquin*, to make use of proper inspection and controul.

DAMON *laughing*.

Proper inspection and controul ! very pretty truly.

PASQUIN.

Yes, Sir, that is my office ; or, in other words, I am your Governor.

DAMON.

Go on, pray good Sir Governor.

PASQUIN.

First to go to Mr *Lourdain's*, banker and there to receive the sum of — my heart fails me, I have almost lost my speech, what a fine round sum it was ! we have now but the poor leavings of a good fortune. This article stuck close to your memory, and fine work you have made of it.

DAMON.

Have done, or I am gone.

PASQUIN.

Secondly, the pupil shall also go to Mr *Raffle's*, the attorney, and deliver him certain papers.

DAMON.

Proceed, that has been done.



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PASQUIN.

In the third place, Mr *Pasquin* shall take care to press Mr *Damon*—

DAMON.

Sirrah, how dare you speak thus to me?

PASQUIN.

I only use the Preceptor's stile — to press Mr *Damon* to carry a letter to Mrs — Oh, to Mrs *D'Orville*, in *Galate-street*, the very street where we now are.

DAMON.

Mrs *D'Orville*! is that the name in the direction of the letter? I have not so much as read it; alas! *Pasquin*, I believe it is my *Constantia*'s mother.

PASQUIN.

Right, as sure as a gun, and she lives in that house from which she passes into your garden. O what it is to be thoughtless! we neglect the most important letter of all, which was to procure us access to this house.

DAMON.

I was far from thinking I had so fair a game to play, and have not so much as got the letter about me, as I was only to deliver it at my leisure. But how came my father to know Mrs *D'Orville*?

PASQUIN.

Why, Sir, he has lived long enough to make acquaintances.

DAMON.

I am extremely glad you have put me in mind of that letter; it will introduce me at once to Mrs

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D'Orville's, and I will deliver it to her upon my return from my banker's ; in the mean time, remember to be in the way.

PASQUIN *in a melancholy tone of voice*

Sir, as you propose bringing with you the rest of your money, I should be glad to see it before you play ; I shall with some concern take my last farewell of it.

DAMON *going.*

I laugh at your foolish prediction.

SCENE IV.

DAMON, LISETTE, PASQUIN.

DAMON *going out meets* LISETTE.

DAMON.

*Lisette*, will your mistress and her mother be here soon ?

LISETTE.

I believe she will, Sir.

DAMON.

Do you ever mention me to her ?

LISETTE

She is generally beforehand with me.

DAMON.

I am overjoy'd ; farewell, my good girl ; stand my friend. [Exit.

SCENE V.

LISETTE, PASQUIN.

PASQUIN *approaching* LISETTE.

Good morning to my dear ; how is it with my charmer ?

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L I S E T T E *pushing him gently back.*  
Softly, good Sir, pray keep your distance.

P A S Q U I N.

What's the matter, my fairest? why so very thoughtful?

L I S E T T E.

Because I have something to say to you, which makes me pensive: you say you love me, and I don't know whether it is right in me to return your love, or not.

P A S Q U I N.

My dear creature, your scruple puts me quite to a stand; agree with me; own that I am a clever fellow, and every way deserving of your affection.

L I S E T T E.

Excuse me; I don't like courtships that come to nothing.

P A S Q U I N.

That come to nothing! pray who do you take me for? do you demand sureties?

L I S E T T E.

My meaning is, that I am for a husband, and not a lover only.

P A S Q U I N,

As for a gallant, you will have no occasion for one with such a husband as me.

L I S E T T E.

Well, but suppose we were never to be married, suppose Mrs D'Orville, to whom your Master is an utter stranger should give her daughter in mar-

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riage to another, as it is highly probable she will ; because, a few days ago she happen'd to say, that she had a match in view for her, and this is what *Constantia* and I were talking of a while ago ; so that she is very uneasy, and we both are almost tempted to forsake you.

PASQUIN.

Bless me ! take care what you do ; I think my master and I must make you presents of our pictures, that you may, by looking on them, keep us eternally in mind.

LISETTE.

Don't jest ; I was charg'd by my mistress to question you sily with regard to some particulars ; 'tis our business to examine how all this may end, and not to enter blindfold into an engagement with strangers, whom we may be forced to quit, and who are often regretted much more than they deserve.

PASQUIN.

My charmer, pray observe a little politeness in your reflexions.

LISETTE.

You must be sensible, how disagreeable it would be to be constrained to give one's hand in one place, whilst under a necessity of leaving one's heart in another. Let us see then, you say that your master is rich, and a Gentleman by birth ; why then does he not offer himself as a husband for my mistress ? why does he not ask her in marriage ? why does he not write his father word that he loves



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her, and that she is every way a suitable match for him?

PASQUIN.

Pray give us time to reach *Paris* first. We have scarce yet look'd about us; our acquaintance is not of above a week's standing; — and then, how came we acquainted? we happen'd to meet, and that's all.

LISSETTE.

To meet! what do you mean by that?

PASQUIN.

I say nothing but the truth: 'twas the Chevalier with whom we were, who first address'd *Constance's* mother in the garden, which is the reason of our still doing so when we meet; so that we are lovers who just salute and speak to each other, and have as yet no intimacy. This, 'tis true is enough to form an amorous connection, but is not a sufficient pretence to ask a Lady in marriage, especially when mothers are seldom dispos'd to approve of the first son in law that offers. As to our parents, we have wrote them but two short letters, and in them there could be no mention made of your mistress, my dear; when the first was wrote, we did not so much as know that two such charming creatures as you and she existed; this came to our knowledge but an hour before the second was wrote; but when we write a third time, we shall inform them, that we have seen you, and when we write a fourth time, that we adore you. Now I defy mortal lovers to be more expeditious.

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L I S E T T E.

I am, however, afraid, the mother with her intended match will be beforehand with you.

P A S Q U I N *with a sneer*

If that should be the case, we may be too quick for her.

L I S E T T E *coldly.*

Yes, but hurry does not suit us; and for my part, if any fellow was to have the impudence to propose it to me, I should dismiss him with a box on the ear.

P A S Q U I N.

If there was only the box on the ear to be submitted to, I would readily be that impudent fellow: but dismissal ~~won't~~ do for me.

L I S E T T E.

Let's make an end of this: has your master purchas'd the place you talk'd of?

P A S Q U I N.

Not yet: we are about it.

L I S E T T E *laughing, and looking as if she did not believe him.*

About it, say you?

P A S Q U I N.

Yes, about it. Do you think an important place is as soon bought as a yard of ribband? Do you yourself when you buy stuff make but one word with the shop-keeper? He asks you too much, then you bate him down, you put your money in your pocket, and go your ways; he

## The AGREEABLE SURPRISE. 83

calls you back, and at last you exchange on both sides ; and so shall we do at the proper time.

L I S E T T E *still looking as if she did not believe him.*

But, *Pasquin*, is your master really and truly going to buy a place ? don't you deceive me ?

P A S Q U I N.

Go, you are in jest ; I need make no other answer, but shew you this sweet face [*shewing his face*] this honest countenance, which you have thought so beautiful and full of candour.

L I S E T T E.

Looks are deceitful ; perhaps your face may be better than the owner of it.

P A S Q U I N.

No, no, my dear, 'tis a specimen of my good qualities ; they are acknowledg'd by all the world ; do but make inquiry.

L I S E T T E.

Well, well, I advise your master to be expeditious. But here comes somebody who seems desirous to speak with you ; farewell, I'll see you again presently. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE VI.

Mr ORGON, PASQUIN.

PASQUIN *viewing Mr ORGON, who observes him at a distance.*

P A S Q U I N.

I can hardly forbear taking off my hat to that man yonder, he looks so like my master's father. [*ORGON comes near*] Zooks ! he is but too like

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him, 'tis he himself. [*following ORGON*] Sir, Sir, Mr *Orgon*.

ORGON.

So it seems, *Girrah*, you scarce know me again.

PASQUIN *aside*.

This is but a bad beginning. [*to Mr ORGON*] Sir, as you are here by a kind of a deception, if I may be allow'd the expression, I took you for nothing more than a copy of yourself, whilst the original was in the country.

ORGON.

Hold your tongue, you rascal, with your original and your copy.

PASQUIN.

Sir, I am overjoy'd to see you, but your reception is somewhat disagreeable, as your usual good nature seems to be wanting.

ORGON.

I have great reason to be satisfied with your proceedings, truly!

PASQUIN.

Neither am I better pleas'd than you; so then you know our adventures.

ORGON.

Yes, I know all; you have been a fortnight here, and so have I; I set out the day after your departure; I overtook you on the road, I follow'd you, and have had you closely watch'd ever since you have been here; 'twas I that directed the banker to pay my son only part of the money intended for the purchase of his place, and to defer



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paying him the rest; I have been told that he has gam'd and lost his money. I am just come from my banker's; I left my son there, who did not see me, he is going to receive the rest of the money, but I shall not leave it to his discretion, and therefore gave directions to amuse him, that I might advise with you.

PASQUIN.

Since you know all, Sir, you must doubtless know that I am not in fault.

ORGON.

Should you not have reason'd with *Damon*, and endeavour'd to prevent his folly. What madness! to venture at play, and that with an utter stranger; money intended for so good a purpose as I mention'd to him.

PASQUIN.

Ah, Sir, if you knew all the remonstrances I made him, this garden can bear me witness, it has seen me weep; my tears to be sure were not moving, at least your son never regarded them; and I readily agree with you, that he is a hair-brain'd, ungovernable fellow, a debauchee, that does not deserve so good a father.

ORGON.

Hold, if you please, these names may suit him, but it does not become you to call him so.

PASQUIN.

Alas! Sir, neither does he so much as deserve them; and if I call'd him so, it was only in complaisance to your passion, and to clear myself:



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the truth of the matter is, that he is a very pretty young Gentleman, who play'd only through a motive of politeness, and lost only for want of good fortune.

ORGON.

I should not much mind the loss, had he not discovered a passion for gaming.

PASQUIN.

He's far from it, Sir; there is nothing he hates more; he is not chearful even when he wins: you will find him somewhat altered by grief, for he loves and fears you. Oh, Sir, 'tis scarce credible what an affection your son has for you.

ORGON.

So I have always thought, and I own I have hitherto seen nothing in him, but what was praiseworthy; I was resolv'd to make myself thoroughly acquainted with his disposition; he is young, and has committed a fault; there is nothing surprising in that, I will forgive him, provided he repents and is sensible of it; 'tis that which will put his character out of doubt: I shall be a little out of pocket by it, but shall not regret the money, if his reformation is thereby effected.

PASQUIN.

Oh, Sir, that's settled already. I'll answer for his prudence during the rest of his life; he has sworn to me, that he'd play but once more, and that should be the last time.

ORGON.

How! does he intend to play again?

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PASQUIN.

Yes, Sir, once more, and that out of love to you ; he would fain win his money back again, that you may not have the mortification of knowing he has lost ; there can't be a stronger instance of filial affection, and what I tell you, Sir, is strictly true.

ORGON.

Is it to day he is to play ?

PASQUIN.

This very evening, during the time of the ball where a certain Chevalier is to come, who has already trick'd him out of one half of his money, and is in a fair way to get the other half.

ORGON.

'Tis this hopeful project then that has carried him to the banker's.

PASQUIN.

Yes, Sir.

ORGON.

Will the Chevalier and he be mask'd ?

PASQUIN.

That I don't know ; but I believe so ; for a few days ago, there was a ball here, at which they were both in masquerade ; my master has still his green domino, which he kept for this ball ; and I believe the Chevalier, who lodges in the same house, has his, which is a yellow one.

ORGON.

Endeavour to gain proper information, and come presently to the coffee-house next the house

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where they lodge, I shall be there about six o'clock in the evening.

PASQUIN.

I shall be with you, Sir, the very moment the clock strikes six.

ORGON *taking a letter out of his pocket.*

Above all, take care not to let my son know I am here; I charge you to deliver him this letter as if it came by post; but that is not all, I have been told, he often sees a young lady, who comes to walk in the garden with her mother; has she had any influence over him?

PASQUIN.

Egad, Sir, you have had very good information; you have doubtless heard of my passion too; have you not, Sir?

ORGON.

I am not talking about you.

PASQUIN.

Our goddesses, Sir, are companions.

ORGON.

Is she Mrs D'Orville's daughter?

PASQUIN.

Sir, she is my master's goddess.

ORGON.

I know Mrs D'Orville very well; my son must certainly have neglected delivering her the letter which I wrote her, as he does not visit at her house.

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PASQUIN.

He had forgot it, Sir, he will deliver it at his return; but, Sir, is this Mrs *D'Orville* one of your intimate acquaintance?

ORGON.

She is.

PASQUIN in a transport of joy, and almost offering to embrace Mr Orgon.

How you delight me, Sir! pardon my transport, it proceeds from love; it is in your power to make both my master and me happy.

ORGON.

'Tis what I am thinking of, *Constantia* and *Damon* propose marrying one another.

PASQUIN overjoy'd.

That's a delightful hearing!

ORGON.

Be discreet, however.

PASQUIN.

My discretion shall keep pace with my ardent love.

ORGON.

Remember all I told you. Here is somebody; I don't choose to be seen, and I'll withdraw before my son's arrival.

PASQUIN to Mr ORGON as he is going.

That's *Lisette*, Sir, do but take notice of her air.

ORGON returning.

Hold your tongue.

[Exit.

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SCENE VII.

PASQUIN, LISETTE.

PASQUIN *aside*.

Come, I must watch myself.

LISETTE, *with a serious and melancholy air*.  
I was looking for you.

PASQUIN *smiling*.

And I wanted to see you.

LISETTE.

Take a full view of me, it will be long before  
you have another. I have orders to see you no  
more.

PASQUIN *in a rallying tone*.

Orders, indeed!

LISETTE.

Yes, *Pasquin*, orders; it is no jesting matter,  
I assure you.

PASQUIN *still smiling*.

Pray, tell me, will it go against the grain?

LISETTE.

Tell me, in your turn, does a fellow that ques-  
tions me with so much grimace deserve that I  
should give myself any concern about him?

PASQUIN *still smiling*.

So you are offended at my smiling.

LISETTE *looking earnestly at him*.  
Is your brain turn'd all of a sudden?

PASQUIN.

Far from it, I never had so much good sense  
before; I enjoy all my reasoning faculties in their  
full vigour.



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L I S E T T E.

On my word then you enjoy the faculties of an arrant knave; what a dog! what a wretch!

P A S Q U I N.

How charming that is! you never said any thing to me that grieved me so much before.

L I S E T T E *looking upon him stedfastly.*

Oh the faithless race of men! I could have sworn he lov'd me.

P A S Q U I N *smiling.*

Lov'd you! why my charmer I adore you.

L I S E T T E.

Hear me, monster; and let me have no more of your jeering answers. Tell your master from Mrs D'Orville that she begs the favour of him to speak no more to *Constantia*; that she is not pleas'd at his taking such liberties, and that he will desist if he is a man of honour; but that, the impudence of his valet de chambre makes me greatly doubt: farewell.

P A S Q U I N.

Well I could leap out of my skin for joy, and yet you are quite mistaken in your opinion of me; I am brimful of love, quite brimful, I am in love over head and ears, and that you'll see.

L I S E T T E *stopping.*

I shall see! what do you mean by that?

P A S Q U I N.

I say you'll see it, see it with your own eyes—have but patience.

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L I S E T T E *half aside.*

After all, I can hardly help thinking his brain is turn'd. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E V I I I.

L I S E T T E, P A S Q U I N, D A M O N.

D A M O N.

*Lisette*, well met.

L I S E T T E.

Not so well as you imagine; don't detain me, Sir, I cannot stay; your fellow knows the whole, let him tell it you.

P A S Q U I N *laughing.*

'Tis a meer trifle, Sir; I can't forbear laughing at the message, that's all. Mrs *D'Orville* is offended, and intends we should have no farther connexion with her daughter; she says, forsooth, she does not approve of our walking in the garden: the good lady has taken it into her head to be offended.

D A M O N.

How so?

L I S E T T E.

'Tis just so, Sir, and that is what he is so much rejoic'd at; *Constantia* is forbid to speak to you, and you are forbid her company; you are in disgrace, we are discharg'd from having any farther connexion with you, and I am at present guilty of a breach of duty in speaking to you.

D A M O N *to PASQUIN.*

Dog, do you make a jest of my misfortune?

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PASQUIN.

Yes, Sir, it is a meer trifle, Mrs D'Orville does not know what she's saying or doing; I engage you to sup with her this evening; is your wine good, *Lisette?*

DAMON.

Hold your tongue, you sorry rascal, this is past bearing.

LISETTE *to DAMON aside.*

Sir, don't you think his eyes looks a little wildish?

PASQUIN *to DAMON laughing.*

She thinks me crazy, does she not?

LISETTE.

Yonder's my mistress; farewell, Sir, I must leave you, and go to meet her. *[Exit.*

SCENE IX.

DAMON, PASQUIN.

DAMON *talking to himself.*

What a wretch am I!

PASQUIN *coldly.*

Not at all; it is a mistake.

DAMON.

Be gone, you must either be mad or drunk.

PASQUIN.

Another mistake; where is your letter to this Mrs D'Orville?

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DAMON.

Don't be uneasy about that; I'll deliver it to her as soon as I have left my money at my lodgings; follow me.

PASQUIN *coldly*.

No, I'll wait for you here: make haste, we shall detain each other, and we have no time to lose; here, take this letter, which I have just receiv'd from the factor, it is from your father.

[Damon takes the letter, and goes out, looking at Pasquin.]

SCENE X.

Mrs D'ORVILLE, CONSTANTIA,  
LISETTE, PASQUIN.

PASQUIN.

Here are our folks, I'll stand my ground. *Tal, lal, lal, lal, ra.*

Mrs D'ORVILLE to LISETTE.  
Did you deliver the young man my message?

LISETTE.

Yes, Madam.

PASQUIN *bowing to Mrs D'ORVILLE*.

By the young man, madam, I presume you mean your humble servant. I know the present affair very well, and I have mentioned it to my master, but you will change your resolution, madam, that I take the liberty to tell you; you are not so much our enemy as you think.

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Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

You are very insolent, friend, pray go about your business.

P A S Q U I N *mildly*.

Madam, I beg your pardon, but I have no business at present to go about, so shall e'en stay where I am.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

What does the fellow mean? *Lisette*, bid him be gone.

L I S E T T E *mildly to P A S Q U I N*.

Good *Pasquin* go. [*aside*] 'Tis a strange phrenzy that has seiz'd him. [*to her mistress*] Madam, the young man is a little wrong in his head.

P A S Q U I N *smiling without any seeming concern*.

Not at all, but I have something of a knack at fortune-telling. This Lady can never keep her daughter and my master asunder: they were born to love one another, and that, the stars declare as well as I.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

Be gone, I say. [*then turning to Constantia*] They were born to love one another! did any thing escape you, daughter, that could make him think so? I am fully persuaded of the contrary; you certainly know better.

C O N S T A N T I A *with a timid, melancholy tone*.

I hope so, Madam.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

*Damon* has doubtless been practising some of his gallantry with you.



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CONSTANTIA.

Why? — yes.

L I S E T T E.

He is a very pretty gentleman.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

Perhaps he has talked to you of love.

CONSTANTIA *tenderly*.

Something of that kind, Madam.

L I S E T T E.

She'll be a happy woman that gets him.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E *to* L I S E T T E.

Hold your clack. [*to* Constantia] And so you humour'd him.

CONSTANTIA.

As he express'd himself in the most respectful terms, and with an air of the utmost sincerity, and as you yourself was generally present, I could not imagine that you would be against my conversing with him; I did not conceive there was any reason why you should be angry with a man of his merit.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E *with a serious air*

*Constantia*, it was time for me to hinder your seeing him.

P A S Q U I N *at a distance*.

Now I say, they'll soon be better acquainted than ever.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

Let us step into another walk, since there's no getting rid of him.

P A S Q U I N.

Where is this scatter-brain'd master of mine with the letter?

S C E N E

SCENE XI.

Mrs D'ORVILLE, CONSTANTIA, LISETTE,  
PASQUIN, DAMON, *who stops Mrs*  
*D'Orville, holding the letter in his*  
*band, without saying a word.*

Mrs D'ORVILLE.

Sir, you have been inform'd of my intentions;  
and I expected you would have paid a little more  
regard to them. *Constantia withdraw.*

DAMON.

Must *Constantia* be depriv'd of the pleasure of  
walking, because I am here?

Mrs D'ORVILLE.

You are to see her no more, Sir, I have views  
for my daughter which will not admit of your  
gallantries. [*to Constantia*] Be gone.

CONSTANTIA.

This is the first time you ever commanded me  
thus. [*She goes, and looks back.*]

PASQUIN *to* DAMON.

Dispatch; produce the letter.

DAMON.

I was so much concern'd at the uneasiness I have  
caused you, that I quite forgot to deliver you this  
letter.

Mrs D'ORVILLE.

A letter for me! from whom Sir, pray.

DAMON.

From my father, Madam.

F

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PASQUIN.

Yes, madam, from a Gentleman, who is an old acquaintance of yours.

LISETTE to PASQUIN whilst Mrs D'Orville opens the letter.

You never once spoke to me of this letter.

PASQUIN *hastily*.

What! stoop so low as to talk to a madman.

Mrs D'ORVILLE *aside, looking at Pasquin*.

The man is not quite out of his senses neither.

[to Damon] Sir, this letter gives me great pleasure. I am very glad to hear from your father.

LISETTE to PASQUIN.

Pardon, good Mr Pasquin.

DAMON.

May I presume to hope that this will engage you to be somewhat more favourable to me?

Mrs D'ORVILLE.

Yes, Sir, you are at liberty to visit my daughter; I cannot refuse that to the son of so worthy a Gentleman.

LISETTE *aside to PASQUIN*.

That's right.

PASQUIN *aside to LISETTE*.

Don't believe it: I am out of my senses.

Mrs D'ORVILLE to DAMON.

Notwithstanding I allow you this liberty, Sir, the views I had for my daughter still subsist, and that more than ever, since 'tis my intention she shall be married out of hand.

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DAMON.

What do I hear?

L I S E T T E *aside to PASQUIN.*

I don't know what to make of this.

P A S Q U I N.

If you don't, I do.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

*Lisette* follow me to this next walk, I have something to communicate to you. [*to Damon*]  
Sir, your servant.

D A M O N *sorrowfully.*

It may be proper for me to withdraw, that you may be left to your liberty.

S C E N E XII.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E, - L I S E T T E.

L I S E T T E.

Alas! you have quite broke his heart.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

Tell me ingenuously does my daughter like him?

L I S E T T E.

She would certainly make choice of him, were she at her own disposal.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

He seems a very pretty gentleman.

L I S E T T E.

Were you to consult me, I would give him my vote; I would make choice of him for myself.

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Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

And I make choice of him for her.

L I S E T T E.

In earnest?

Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

He is the very man for whom I intended *Constantia*.

L I S E T T E.

So us four youngsters will be made very happy at once.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

How four! I know of but two.

L I S E T T E.

*Pasquin* and I, Madam, are the other two.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

*Lisette*, not a word of this affair either to my daughter or *Damon*; I intend them an agreeable surprise and *Damon's* father has the same design. He will be here presently, and he requests me, in case his son loves my daughter, to conceal from him that he is to be my son in law; he is desirous, as he says, to have the pleasure of obliging *Damon* by consenting to this marriage.

L I S E T T E.

You may depend upon my secrecy, but *Pasquin* must have been inform'd of it, and must have had his reasons for concealing from me what he knew; I am no longer surpris'd that he was so highly diverted with my ill language, I have made him diversion; and he shall do as much for me in his turn.



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Mrs D'ORVILLE.

Call back *Constantia*.

SCENE XIII.

Mrs D'ORVILLE, CONSTANTIA, LISETTE.

Mrs D'ORVILLE.

Come hither *Constantia*, I was telling *Lisette* that I intend to marry you.

LISETTE, *coldly*.

Yes; and since I know my mistress's intention, I entirely agree with her; I think the match will be very suitable.

CONSTANTIA *mutters as if afraid*.

You have nothing to do with the affair?

LISETTE.

I am interested in whatever concerns you; besides your mother has done me the honour to communicate the affair to me.

CONSTANTIA *aside to Lisette, peevishly*.

This is very pretty in you.

Mrs D'ORVILLE.

What ails you child? you look cloudy.

CONSTANTIA.

There are certain seasons when one can't be chearful.

LISETTE.

Who can always be the same?

CONSTANTIA, *still angry*.

Who speaks to you?

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L I S E T T E.

Eh! but I will readily excuse you.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

From your anger, *Constantia*, one would be inclin'd to think you regretted the loss of *Damon*—you don't answer.

C O N S T A N T I A.

I should have liked him well enough, had you approv'd of him; but I know nothing of any other.

L I S E T T E.

What signifies that? if I may believe my mistress the other is full as good as he.

C O N S T A N T I A *aside to Lisette.*

You really provoke me.

Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

Daughter, you love *Damon*; this is what I suspected.

C O N S T A N T I A.

No, madam, I durst not presume to do any such thing.

L I S E T T E.

Though she should love him, you know how dutiful she is, Madam, you have no opposition to fear on her part.

C O N S T A N T I A *aside to Lisette.*

Was there ever such a malicious creature!

Mrs D'O R V I L L E.

Don't dissemble, daughter; the marriage in hand may be either hasten'd or delayed; speak sincerely, do you love *Damon*?

CONSTANTIA *bashfully*.

I never expressed myself so to any body.

LISETTE *coldly*.

I think I am somebody, however.

CONSTANTIA.

It is false, I never told you I lov'd him; I only said he was worthy to be lov'd: you yourself have spoke a great deal in his favour. And since my mother desires that I should speak my mind freely, I own I am prepossess'd in his favour. [*to Mrs D'Orville*] However I don't desire that you should approve of my sentiments; they gain'd upon me unawares. I would have resisted, had I discover'd them; and I will endeavour to overcome them, since it is your pleasure: he might have been my husband, if you had thought proper; he has birth and fortune, and loves me passionately; this is a great happiness in such a case, and rarely to be met with. Perhaps he whom you intend for me will feign more love for me than he really has; I may perhaps have none for him, and though I may be desirous to love him; yet that may not be in my power; but no matter, obedience I can command; you reject *Damon*, you prefer the other, I will marry him: the only indulgence I ask of you is, that you would grant me some time that I may be able to obey you with less difficulty.

LISETTE.

Pho! when you see the intended bridegroom, I dare say expedition will not be disagreeable to you, and I, for my part, declare against delay.

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CONSTANTIA.

I intreat you, mother, to order her to be silent, she abuses your goodness, it does not become a servant to interfere in such matters.

Mrs D'ORVILLE *going*.

I am of her opinion, 'twill be best not to defer your marriage. Good-by, and take your walk. If you meet *Damon* you may permit him to visit you, you need not be subject to any particular restraint in that respect. [*Exit*.

SCENE XIV.

CONSTANTIA, LISETTE.

LISETTE *merrily*.

The truth is, you have a very reasonable mother, she behaves very well to you.

CONSTANTIA.

Keep your observations to yourself, I'll have none of your chatter.

LISETTE.

Be it so, but I don't love silence, that I tell you beforehand; if I am not allow'd to speak, I shall go my ways, and leave you to yourself; and then you will be oblig'd to retire, and will not have an opportunity of seeing *Damon*; therefore lay a little constraint upon yourself, and let us chat.

CONSTANTIA *sighing*.

Well, talk on, but don't expect that I should answer you.

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L I S E T T E.

That won't do neither, you must answer me.

C O N S T A N T I A *exasperated*.

I may have the mortification to marry according to my mother's pleasure, but I shall have it in my power to turn you off. That's one comfort.

L I S E T T E.

You'll do no such thing.

C O N S T A N T I A.

However I flatter myself I shall be your mistress.

L I S E T T E.

And for that very reason you will still keep me.

C O N S T A N T I A.

What malice! follow me in, I'll walk no longer.

L I S E T T E *laughing*.

Ha! ha! ha! let us be gone then. *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E XV.

DAMON, CONSTANTIA, LISETTE.

D A M O N *running towards Constantia*.

Ah *Constantia*! I then see you once more, could you consent to the orders I receiv'd. They are a death's wound to me; do, good *Lisette*, observe whether Mrs *D'Orville* is coming.

*[Lisette does not stir.*

C O N S T A N T I A.

Don't speak to her, *Damon*; she is both your enemy and mine. You say you love me, you are not as yet sensible whether I return your passion;



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but the present conjuncture makes me admit it. My mother intends to marry me to another, whom I hate, be he whom he will.

L I S E T T E.

But I know you don't hate him.

C O N S T A N T I A to L I S E T T E.

I desire you would not interrupt me. [to Damon] All I have heard from you convinces me that you are a suitable match for me; your father has undoubtedly some friends at *Paris*; go to them, prevail upon them to speak to my mother; perhaps she will give you the preference, when she comes to know you better.

D A M O N.

Alas! madam my misfortune is at its height.

L I S E T T E.

Don't give yourself any trouble, take my word for it, all's settled and concluded.

C O N S T A N T I A.

Never mind her; proceed.

D A M O N *shewing a letter.*

It would be to no purpose for me to have recourse to friends. You have been promis'd on one side, I have been engag'd on the other. Here's what my father writes to me: [reads] "I shall very soon be at *Paris*, I take it for granted the business relating to your place is brought to an issue, and that I shall have nothing farther to do, but to fulfil an engagement which I have enter'd into for your sake: which is to marry you to one of the finest girls in *Paris*. Farewel."

L I S E T T E.

One of the finest girls in *Paris*! your father is a great judge of beauty, I suppose.

D A M O N.

Ah! do not increase my torture.

C O N S T A N T I A tenderly.

What an exigency! is there no expedient, *Damon*?

D A M O N.

I have but one left, that is, to wait my rival's coming; I explain myself no farther.

L I S E T T E laughing.

Why it would be an easy matter to bring you together.

D A M O N.

What is he here?

L I S E T T E.

Would you think it, *Sir*, he arriv'd here exactly at the very same time you did, neither before nor after.

D A M O N.

Then he does not appear in public.

L I S E T T E.

He shews himself as boldly as you yourself, and has as much courage.

D A M O N.

We shall try that.

C O N S T A N T I A.

Don't be in a passion, *Damon* I leave you: perhaps she says this only to frighten us; 'tis certain, at least, that I have not seen this rival. Howe-

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ver the matter be, I will once more throw myself at my mother's feet, and endeavour to obtain a delay, which she would have granted me before, had not that false-hearted jade dissuaded her. Farewel, *Damon*, don't neglect to take the best measures you can, and let us not lose time.

[Exit.

D A M O N.

No, *Constantia*, I will neglect nothing; perhaps our affairs may take some favourable turn.

[going.

L I S E T T E *taking him by the arm.*

Stay, Sir, make yourself easy, I am for you, and always was so: I jest, and I don't know why; but don't despair, all will be well, that you may depend upon; you may take my word for it; therefore make yourself perfectly easy.

D A M O N.

How? every thing——

L I S E T T E

There is nothing at all in it, ask me no questions, I shall say no more.

D A M O N *going.*

I am in amaze.

[Exit.

S C E N E XVI.

L I S E T T E, P A S Q U I N.

L I S E T T E.

So, here comes the spark that diverted himself at my cost some time ago. [to Pasquin] This is a lucky meeting, where do you come from?

PASQUIN.

From the next coffee-house, where I spoke with a countryman, who had business of importance with me. What do you think of me now? do you still think me crazy?

L I S E T T E.

No, instead of looking upon you as a madman, I shall for the future consider you only as a fool.

PASQUIN.

A fool indeed! I am the farthest from that of any man living; he who makes a fool of me must rise early.

L I S E T T E.

This is an upstart affair; you think that I shall be your wife; it can never be; I must forget you, for 'tis impossible for us to come together.

PASQUIN.

My dear creature, you don't know what you are saying.

L I S E T T E.

You are quite in the dark, wife Mr *Pasquin*.

PASQUIN.

My chick, your ignorance is ridiculous.

L I S E T T E.

This silly fellow's affected knowledge moves my pity; shall I confound you at once? *Damon* was to marry my mistress according to the letter which he lately deliver'd Mrs *D'Orville* from his father. All was agreed upon, is it not so?



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PASQUIN.

'Tis just so. Zookers, I feel my face lengthen. Do you deal with the old one? he only could discover this to you.

LISETTE.

He has let me into a secret of little value, for the face of affairs is quite alter'd; your letter came too late; Mrs *D'Orville* can no longer keep her word, and both *Constantia* and I are betrothed to other husbands.

PASQUIN.

You quite confound me.

LISETTE.

Are you not a fool now? I am sure you look like one.

PASQUIN.

Then I look like what I am.

LISETTE laughing.

Ha! ha! ha!

PASQUIN.

You kill me, you stab me, I shall die directly.

LISETTE.

You are sorry to lose me. This is delightful!

PASQUIN.

Ah! thou deceitful jade.

LISETTE.

Right; you never said any thing that affected me so much before.

PASQUIN.

Thou inconstant jade!



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L I S E T T E.

Admirable ! you tickle my vanity to some tune ;  
but d'y' hear, *Pasquin* ? Do me another favour.  
He, I am to marry instead of you, is very jealous.  
Don't be seen here any more.

P A S Q U I N *provok'd.*

When I have cut his throat, all will be right.

L I S E T T E *laughing.*

Thou art a charming fellow.

P A S Q U I N.

You make me mad ; I shall pull your cap.

L I S E T T E.

Softly, this is downright brutality.

P A S Q U I N.

I fly to apprize my master's father of this.

L I S E T T E.

Your master's father ! is he here ?

P A S Q U I N.

The familiar spirit that told you all the rest,  
should also have inform'd you of his private arrival.

L I S E T T E.

'Tis you that informed me of that, you pitiful  
fellow.

P A S Q U I N.

What signifies that ? farewell, you belong to  
us, your persons are ours. They must be deli-  
ver'd into our possession, or the duce take you and  
us too.

L I S E T T E *stopping him.*

Softly, don't run and commit a blunder, which  
may spoil all ; there is nothing in what I have

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told you; the letter in question is still good, and the marriage will take place; this Mrs *D'Orville* has told me, and I only diverted myself with you, in revenge for your playing upon me awhile ago.

PASQUIN.

Ah, I come to myself: let us now frankly own that we love each other to excess, and that we well deserve to be beloved.

LISETTE.

Joy makes you grow conceited; you'll let me know another time why your master conceals himself: this is the very time the assembly meets in the ball-room; Mrs *D'Orville* told me she would bring *Constantia*, and I am going to see whether they want me.

PASQUIN *stopping her*.

Stay *Lisette*; stay *Lisette*; do you see that yellow domino, 'tis the Chevalier who comes to play with my master to win the rest of his money. I'll try to amuse him to prevent his coming to *Damon*, but return if you can in an instant to help me to detain him. — I'll be with you again in a moment; a thought has just now enter'd into my pate; I'll take him off your hands, leave that to me.

SCENE

SCENE XVII.

PASQUIN, *Mr ORGON in a domino like that which the Chevalier was to wear according to Pasquin's information.*

Mr ORGON *unmasking awhile at his entrance.*

Here's *Pasquin*, the colour of this domino will make him take me for the Chevalier.

PASQUIN.

Truly he has been as good as his word.

Mr ORGON *disguising his voice.*

Where's your master?

PASQUIN.

I don't know, but wherever he is; he is the better that you are not with him. However, he'll be here presently, stop a little.

ORGON.

You are very blunt.

PASQUIN.

You are very keen.

Mr ORGON.

Don't you know that I am to play with your master?

PASQUIN.

You are only pleased to say so; 'tis he that will play, all the hazard will be on his side, all the fortune on yours, you do not play, you win.

ORGON.

That's because I am more fortunate than he.

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PASQUIN.

A fig for fortune, that's not the point; you are too knowing a gamester to stand in need of that.

ORGON.

What, do you insult me?

PASQUIN.

Not at all, I see through you.

ORGON *unmasking.*

Did you see through me?

PASQUIN *surprised.*

How, Sir, is it you? now I begin to know better.

ORGON.

Where is my son?

PASQUIN.

'Tis probable he is in the ball-room.

ORGON.

Hush—here he comes, I think.

PASQUIN.

Don't stay here with him, lest the Chevalier, who will certainly be here very soon, should find you together.

SCENE XVIII.

Mr ORGON, DAMON, PASQUIN.

DAMON *with his mask in his hand.*

What is it, you, Chevalier? I was quite impatient. Let's make haste into the closet which is on one side of the ball-room. [*Exeunt together.*]



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PASQUIN.

Play away boldly, Sir, I gainsay what has been said, you have the fairest gamester in the world to deal with.

SCENE XIX.

PASQUIN and the real CHEVALIER unmask'd.

PASQUIN.

'Tis well they went away in time, here comes my Gentleman, the real Chevalier, or rather the sharper.

CHEVALIER.

Is *Damon* come?

PASQUIN.

No, but he will be here presently, and you are desired to stay a while; I have orders to keep near you till he comes.

CHEVALIER.

Do you imagine it will be long before he comes?

PASQUIN.

He should have been here already. [*aside*] That huffy does not keep her word with me.

CHEVALIER.

His Banker has perhaps put him off.

PASQUIN.

Not at all, Sir, he has the sum in ready money, the yellow-boys are all new, and look charmingly. [*aside*] How I fet his mouth a watering? [*to the Chevalier*] And you, Mr Chevalier, are you rich?



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CHEVALIER.

So, so; and, according to your prediction, I shall soon be richer.

PASQUIN.

Not at all, I have just calculated your nativity, and I find I was mistaken; my master may lose, but you will not win.

CHEVALIER.

What do you mean?

PASQUIN.

I can't explain my meaning; the stars have told me nothing more; what one reads in the heavens is written in very small characters.

CHEVALIER.

I don't take you to be a very great conjurer.

PASQUIN.

You'll see that, you'll see that; I can likewise discover in the heavens that you will this day meet with an arch chap, who will amuse and bubble you.

CHEVALIER.

What, will he win my money?

PASQUIN.

No, but he'll prevent you from winning my master's.

CHEVALIER.

Hold your prating, you foolish fellow.

PASQUIN.

I also perceive in your star a domino which portends you ill luck; it will occasion a mistake which will be fatal to you.

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CHEVALIER.

Don't you discover likewise in my star that I may cane you?

PASQUIN.

Yes, that's written in the heavens too, but I also see that I shall not mind it.

CHEVALIER.

Take care, perhaps 'tis the smallness of the characters that prevents you from reading there a sound drubbing. Let me have no more of your nonsense, your master makes me wait too long.

PASQUIN *coldly*.

'Tis farther written, that you are to wait.

CHEVALIER.

But tell me, did he say positively he would come?

PASQUIN.

Have a little patience.

CHEVALIER.

The case is, I can stay but a quarter of an hour.

PASQUIN.

'Twill prove a bad quarter of an hour.

CHEVALIER.

I will, however, go and wait for him in the ball-room closet.

PASQUIN.

I receiv'd orders to keep you company here.

SCENE

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SCENE XX.

Enter PASQUIN, CHEVALIER,  
LISETTE *mask'd*.

LISETTE.

Mr Chevalier, I would gladly speak with you. A beautiful Lady who is very rich, and a widow, waits for you in one of the drawing-rooms, and desires to speak with you.

CHEVALIER.

With me !

LISETTE.

With you yourself. Such a lucky hit may make a man of you. She knows you, she is virtuous, she loves you, she has twenty five thousand livres a year ; and you may very possibly gain her affections ; follow me.

PASQUIN *at first aside*.

'Tis Lisette [ *to the Chevalier* ] Sir, you are pre-engag'd to my master, he is just coming with a bag full of gold, and that may be a much easier conquest than a woman's heart. Let the widow wait.

LISETTE.

What saucy fellow's this that detains you ; come along Chevalier. [ *She takes him by the hand.*

PASQUIN *likewise taking the Chevalier by the arm.*

Mrs bana roba Abigail, you shall not take him, your action is illegal.

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L I S E T T E *in a passion.*

Hey-day, Mrs *Abigail*! How, my mistress is insulted, and you take it patiently, and do not come; I shall inform the Lady what reception I met with.

CHEVALIER.

Stay a moment, I have nothing to say to that fellow. Hold your tongue, you rascal.

PASQUIN.

Do but think of the bag of money, Chevalier.

L I S E T T E.

Is this treatment for a Lady? I can't bear it.

PASQUIN.

Much time may be requisite to gain the Lady, but the money you may win in a minute.

L I S E T T E *in a passion.*

I take my leave, Sir.

CHEVALIER.

Hold, I'll follow you. [*To Pasquin*] Tell your master I'll be back presently.

PASQUIN, *in a low voice, taking him aside.*

I will let you into the secret, there are other gamesters that want to get hold of him before you.

CHEVALIER.

Why does he not come then? let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE



SCENE XXI.

Mr ORGON, DAMON *unmask'd*, and out  
of humour, PASQUIN, LISETTE,  
and CHEVALIER.

DAMON *unmasked*.

Ah, the curfed stroke!

CHEVALIER.

Where do you come from? I was waiting for  
you.

DAMON.

What do I fee! was it then with you I have  
been playing?

CHEVALIER.

No, your rogue of a valet de chambre told me  
you was not come. [*to Pasquin*] you amused me  
it feems.

PASQUIN.

I did it in order to fulfil the prediction.

CHEVALIER.

I can't ftay, *Damon*; business calls me elfewhere.  
[*to Lifette*] Come fhew me the way.

LISETTE.

There's no occafion: I have baffled you too.

DAMON *to Mr Orgon masked*.

Who then did I play with? who are you with  
a mask?

ORGON.

What need you mind that? you have no reafon  
to complain, I won your money fairly.

DAMON.



DAMON.

'Tis very true, but after I have lost so much, you can't refuse to play with me for a hundred guineas, and take my word.

ORGON.

By no means; I won't cause you such uneasiness as you would be in, were you to lose them: you are young; and, in all probability, depend upon a father; I should never forgive myself were I to take the advantage of your present confusion, and so become an accomplice in your ruin; I am even sorry I have played so long; your youth, and the thoughts of those with whom you are connected, should have prevented me: you appear to me, Sir, to be a gentleman of great honour, take my advice, and do not stain your character by so dangerous a habit as that of gaming, and be cautious how you afflict a father to whom you are dear.

DAMON.

You draw tears from me when you speak of him; but I long to know with whom I have been playing all this time? are you really the worthy man your discourse bespeaks you?

ORGON *taking off his mask.*

Judge of that yourself.

DAMON *throwing himself at his feet.*

Oh my father, I implore your forgiveness.

CHEVALIER *aside.*

His father!

G

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ORGON *raising his son.*

All's forgotten, my son, if what's past brings about your reformation; do not fear my anger; I know you, and will punish your fault only by giving you new proofs of my tenderness; and I hope they will make a deeper impression upon your heart than my reproofs.

DAMON *throwing himself again at his father's feet.*

Father, let me once more swear upon my knees; that I am deeply affected by your goodness; that your orders, that your least desires will henceforward be sacred to me; that my obedience shall last as long as my life, and that I conceive no happiness equal to that of having such a father.

CHEVALIER *to Mr ORGON.*

This is very moving: but I was going to give him his revenge; I now offer it to you.

ORGON.

I don't desire it, Sir; but who comes towards us?

SCENE XXII.

Mrs D'ORVILLE, CONSTANTIA, Mr ORGON,  
DAMON, LISETTE, PASQUIN.

Mrs D'ORVILLE *to CONSTANTIA.*

Come, daughter, 'tis time for us to withdraw.  
What do I see! Mr Orgon!

Mr ORGON.

Yes, Madam, the very same; I was just going to discover myself, and pleas'd myself with the thoughts of surprising you.

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Mrs D'ORVILLE.

Daughter, salute the Gentleman, he is father to your intended husband.

CONSTANTIA.

No, mother, you are too good to force my inclinations, and I am under a necessity of telling the Gentleman ingenuously, that I cannot love his son.

DAMON.

What do I hear!

ORGON.

After this declaration, I think, Madam, we should totally drop our project.

Mrs D'ORVILLE.

I assure you more than ever, that your son will marry my daughter.

CONSTANTIA.

Will you than sacrifice me, mother?

ORGON.

That must never be, that I can never consent to. My son, I thought you happier: let us go [to Mrs D'Orville] Madam, I shall do myself the honour of waiting on you at your own house tomorrow; follow me, *Damon*.

CONSTANTIA.

*Damon*! but it was not *Damon* I meant.

DAMON.

Ah madam!

ORGON.

What, beautiful *Constantia*, did not you know that *Damon* was my son?

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**CONSTANTIA.**

O I did not : now I most willingly obey.

**Mrs D'O RVILLE.**

You see they are pretty well agreed : it is not worth while returning to the ball, we'll go and sup at my house.

**OR GON** giving her his hand.

We will wait on you.

**PASQUIN** to **L I S E T T E.**

I ask'd awhile ago whether your wine was good ;  
I'll give you my opinion of it presently.

Successful Love, what pleasure it imparts !

It elevates to rapture human hearts ;

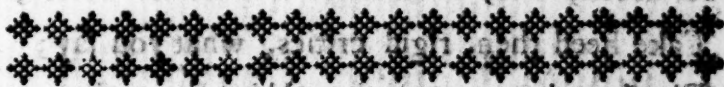
When thus by chance we win a virtuous wife,

We surely find the greatest joy in life.



**EPILOGUE.**





# EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Master WITHERSTON

In the Character of *Pasquin*.

**W**HAT think you now, sage Critics of the pit;  
 For a 'Squire's tutor is not *Pasquin* fit?  
 My master was so foolish as to game,  
 And lose his money—was I then to blame?  
 All the advice I gave was thrown away,  
 Say what I would—the spark was bent on play.  
 However, his indulgent father thought  
 Experience well with loss of money bought:  
 Few fathers think like him, most deem the pence  
 Of greater worth than virtue or good sense.  
 One question here may be by critics ask'd,  
 Whence comes this strange caprice of playing  
     mask'd?  
 But since men rob in masks, they mask'd may game;  
 Gamesters and robbers have one common aim.



Each Unity's observ'd in our small piece,  
 As much, Sirs, as in those of *Rome* or *Greece*;  
 Take heed then, rigid critics, what you say;  
 The scene is not once chang'd in all our play.  
 Against the critics, Ladies, grant your aid,  
 Deign but to smile, and we shall be o'erpaid.  
 Delights of mankind ! tho' in some small parts  
 We are deficient, yet our wills and hearts  
 Are yours ; and when more perfect, we shall strain  
 Our pow'rs of soul your wish'd applause to gain ;  
 That more than learned praises we desire ;  
 Ambitious to obtain it we aspire ;  
 Cheer'd by your smiles, we'll brave the critics rage ;  
 Approv'd by you, we'll dauntless tread the stage.



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